GOOD WORDS
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CHRISTMAS 1902

Greater Britain

A Bird's-Eye View

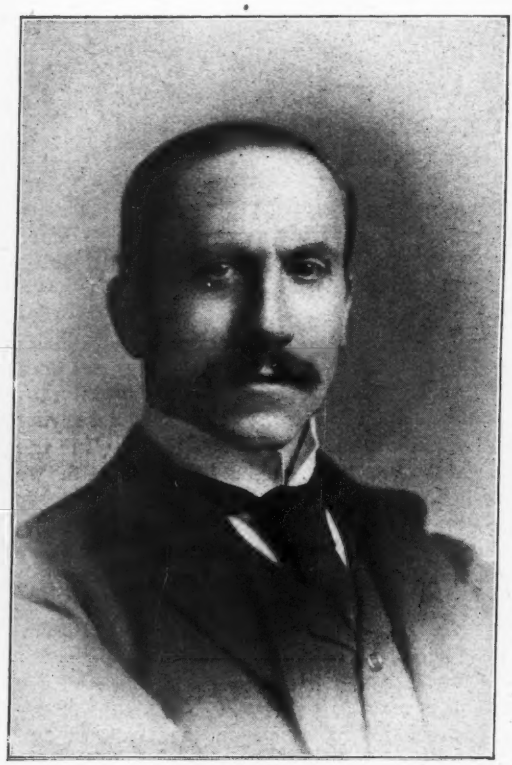
MORE than a year ago, as I walked in the streets of a New Zealand city, lavishly adorned in honour of the visit of those who are now the Prince and Princess of Wales, there came into view an arch with the legend, "Lands which Cæsar never saw own thy sway;" and, at the same moment, in a mood of apposite perversity, memory recalled a phrase of Tertullian which might well be the proudest boast of the British race. It was, *Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita.* The thought was probably due to reflection that the New Zealand legend was more grandiloquent than acute; for, of course, Cæsar's horizon was limited narrowly, and the orotund words might have been applied with perfect accuracy to Empires such as that of Spain in her most glorious days which would still seem inconsiderable compared to that of which King Edward VII. is the supreme head. But whatsoever may have been the reason why that grand phrase of Tertullian, which once heard can never be forgotten, flashed to memory, the course of thought which it set in motion was natural and irresistible.

I was at that time following in the train of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, who was engaged in a pilgrimage justly described by him as memorable. We had already landed at the fortress of Gibraltar, where the roar of artillery from the Rock and from a mighty fleet had doubtless reminded the Spaniards hard by of the bitter irony of their official saying that Gibraltar is "temporarily in the occupation of England." At Malta we had come into contact with another foreign race, a curious and an interesting one too, living under English rule. The Prince had landed formally in Egypt, thus making one exception to the rule that his feet must not be placed save on British soil; but British brains and honest British administration, which have been the making of Egypt, justified the exception. At Aden another fortress had been visited, and a polyglot, polychromatic people had professed their loyalty to the Throne.

Then had come a stage of the tour which stood out distinctly in memory, the stage which included Ceylon and Singapore. In Ceylon the noteworthy point had been the splendid and cordial loyalty of planters,

for whom life is often a bitter struggle, the genuine affection for British rule of native chiefs seeming to cherish no regrets for their ancient prerogatives, and of gentle Singhalese abundantly convinced that they are far better off under us than their fathers had been under their own kings.

In Singapore, again, there had been a strangely interesting combination of phenomena. There were Malays, naturally fierce, converted into orderly and willing subjects by the unostentatious devotion of a handful of Civil servants. There were Chinese, the backbone of the community, in all ranks, from the rich banker or merchant to the coughing and perspiring coolie who dragged the Englishman in his rickshaw; and these Chinese were living their own lives, in their own way, but, by the consent of all, they were genuinely proud of their status as British subjects. There were Germans, too, and other Europeans, trading prosperously under the British flag—"the old red rag," as it is fondly called—bound to us by no tie of sentiment perhaps, but rather by the enlightened self-interest which is as firm a bond as that of loyalty itself, even if it be less noble.



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Lord Milner

After this had come Australia, or some of it, intensely free and democratic, an Australia in which the black man survives only as an anthropological curiosity. Then, when I saw the legend which set me thinking, we were in New Zealand, again intensely free and democratic, but a New Zealand in which, thanks to enlightened policy, that fine race of the native Maoris lives on equal terms with whites, intermarries with them with excellent results, and is even increasing in numbers. From this we were to go, and we went, to Tasmania, where again the white man has made the natives as completely a thing of the past as that fierce creature the Tasmanian Devil itself, and to more States in Australia.

Next in the itinerary came Mauritius, where the bed of the British garrison is not one of roses, for neither the French creoles nor the French-speaking natives and half-breeds, often erroneously called creoles, have acquiesced heartily in British rule. After that followed a visit to Natal, the most loyal and self-sacrificing of Colonies, still suffering from the effects of the war which was drawing to a close, and to the Cape, the home of problems and difficulties which, in the strong hands of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, will doubtless be settled in due time. Here, too, was a new native difficulty, into which it would not be to the purpose to enter here.

After the Cape it was a case of Westward Ho! again, and at the end of the tour

came Canada, with its splendid resources, its inadequate population of true-born Britons (Britons whether they were born in Canada or at home), of French Canadians, whose loyalty is of so special a kind that it must be noticed later, and of American Indians, who are slowly passing out of existence. In fact, the only parts of the Empire that matter much to which the tour did not extend were India, with its huge agglomeration of subject-races ruled by a handful of Englishmen, the not too prosperous but reviving and intensely loyal West Indies, British Guiana, and Hong Kong, where, of course, some day, a critical time may come for all nations.

Inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita. These little islands, which could be submerged in a single Canadian lake, which could be lost in a single Australian State, have contrived to acquire and to keep an enormous share of the surface of the globe. They have kept, too, almost all that they ever possessed, with surprisingly little trouble. One great rebellion, indeed, sanctified by success, lost them the United States of America; one period of cruel anxiety there was during which it almost seemed that India might be lost. But, on the whole, the sons of Britain who have founded homes oversea have shown a wonderful loyalty to her, and an even more wonderful patience with her mistakes, and the black and brown and yellow men under her rule have been not strangely, but very thoroughly and naturally, quiescent under it. The man who could go on this Imperial Tour, seeing these things with his own eyes, and hearing them with his own ears, would indeed have been crass and dense, unworthy of his citizenship, if he had not reflected upon them and their meaning in the light of all the history he knew and all that he was able to read during long days at sea. Ours is, indeed, as a distinguished publicist of the United States said to me in Canada, a glorious heritage. The question how we have kept it, and what it shall become in our hands and its own, is of paramount interest.

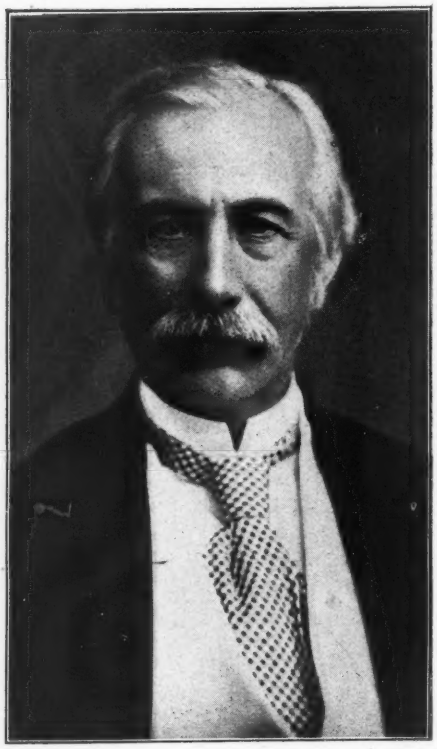
The Story of the Past

To one looking back upon the history of Colonial Administration, or maladministration, it does really almost seem as if the present extent and reality of the Empire must be the result of a miracle worked in our favour, or rather of a series of miracles. The wonder is not that we lost the fair and rich land which is now the United States, but that we did not long ago lose Canada, Australia and the Cape. Never was there phrase more true than that of Sir William Molesworth, one of the fathers of the new spirit in colonial affairs, that administration by the Colonial Office was "government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant." The American colonists south of the Canadian border rebelled against misgovernment so flagrant and petty that it is impossible for any just man to blame them for it, although a patriotic Briton may none the less admire the Canadians who were faithful through good and evil report, and the loyalists farther south who adhered to our cause during the war, and after it was over shook the dust of the United States off their feet and found new homes for themselves under the British flag in New Brunswick. But, it must be repeated, the original rebellion was natural and justifiable; it was indeed the only action which any sane statesman could expect from those who at any rate believed themselves to be descended from men and women who had left Great Britain for conscience' sake.

The student may turn over the page of Colonial History where he will, and he will find the same blundering and exasperating spirit. Always the man on the spot, the Governor or Minister who is face to face with realities, is flouted, and the stupidity of the ignorant official at the Colonial Office prevails. Australia and Tasmania were "super-saturated with convicts"—the expressive word was used by a Governor in an official letter to the Colonial Office—and respectable emigrants were expected to acquiesce. The infamous Transportation system had

indeed a great deal to answer for. Said Sir William Molesworth in the House of Commons in 1849, in answer to Lord John Russell:

"The noble lord has described the Colonial Empire as a glorious inheritance, which we have received from our ancestors, and declared that he is determined at all hazads to maintain it for ever intact. Now, I ask him, how do we treat that precious inheritance? By transportation we stock it with convicts; we convert it into the moral dungheap of Great Britain; and we tell our colonists that thieves and felons are fit to be their associates. Is this the mode and manner to inspire the inhabitants of our Colonies with those feelings of affection and esteem for the mother country, without which our Colonial Empire must speedily crumble in the dust notwithstanding our numerous garrisons. . . .? I maintain that we have no moral right to relieve ourselves of our criminals at the expense of the Colonies, and that the desire to make a scapegoat of our Colonies, by whomsoever entertained, is a mean and selfish feeling, of which, as citizens of this great Empire, we ought to be ashamed."



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Sir Bartle Frere

This, be it observed again, was in 1849 only, not at some prehistoric date; and now the Australians, many of them necessarily descended from convict ancestors, are what they are, as if they had been sent into the world on purpose to demonstrate the falsity of the doctrine of heredity. But the truth is, of course, that many of the convicts who went to Australia were guilty either of offences which would now be regarded as trivial, or of crimes such as poaching, which involved no moral obliquity worthy of mention.

About the same time there was trouble at the Cape, where an attempt to land a shipload of convicts from the *Neptune*, in the face of a promise by the Colonial Office not to do anything of the kind, produced something approaching to rebellion, and a system of boycotting so successfully applied that the unhappy convicts were taken on to Tasmania (then Van Diemen's Land), and dumped down in that unwilling island. There, too, there was angry protest, which was not wonderful, for whereas the population in 1837 was 42,800 only, convicts were imported at the rate of 4200 per annum during the five years of the Colonial Secretaryship of Lord Stanley, "the Rupert of debate."

But the transportation was not the only grievance under which the Colonies suffered; and the men who saw matters in a true light had a bitter battle to fight. Nothing sadder, hardly anything more tragical in history is to be found than the fates of Bartle Frere and Lord Durham. Yet the former would have saved endless loss of blood and treasure in South Africa if he had been permitted, and the latter may fairly be called the Saviour of Canada,

—at any rate he was the man who stepped into the breach at a critical time, and braved obloquy and disgrace for the sake of the cause which he knew to be right.

Of the two men, perhaps, Bartle Frere was made of the sterner stuff. Sent out to South Africa, prematurely perhaps—but how can one say that when he never enjoyed a free hand?—to effect federation under Imperial sovereignty, he went reluctantly, for his experience was Indian, not colonial. He found native rebellion in embryo, and he repeatedly warned the Colonal Office that it would have to be put down by force; but, when the moment came for action, he was at one and the same time rebuked and entreated not to resign his office—rebuked in public and entreated privately by the same statesman. As his biographer says: "While in England Frere was being censured and vilified, in South Africa an overwhelming majority of the colonists, of whatever race or origin, were declaring in unmistakable terms that he had earned their warmest approbation and admiration. South Africa, Dutch and British, was with him almost to a man. His policy was acclaimed from Pretoria to Cape Town. Then, without a day's warning, he was superseded by Sir Henry Bulwer as High Commissioner at the very moment when the prospects of confederation were beginning to be bright." At the same time half the powers of the High Commissioner were entrusted to Sir Garnet Wolseley. It is clear from Frere's correspondence at this time that he regarded these things with grave apprehension, but he felt it to be his duty to stick to as much of his post as was left. In the settlement of Zululand innumerable mistakes were made; the scheme, indeed, was never approved by any colonist of weight. Again, when Sir Garnet Wolseley went up to Pretoria, making many speeches in which he declared the Act of Annexation to be irrevocable, Frere saw that there was weakness somewhere, and wrote to Sir Michael Hicks Beach: "I am very certain that to give up the Transvaal is as little to be thought of as surrendering Ireland or India." Why go on with the sad story? Frere was to find in the long run, as gallant Sir Harry Smith had found before him, that there was no limit to the possibilities of vacillation at home, that his work was to be taken away from him when it was half done, and that what had been done was to be undone. He returned, summarily recalled from home, leaving the Cape amid such unanimity of popular esteem as has seldom been given to a strong man in his downfall.

His policy would have saved two South African wars. The abandonment of the policy was a mistake of incalculable gravity. His friends never lost faith in him; he himself was confident, and with justice, that the day would come when his countrymen would reverse their judgment; but he felt his disgrace acutely, and, if Baron Hübner was not entirely accurate in saying that he died of a broken heart, he was certainly not far from the mark.

Such was the manner in which the Colonial Office, and the ignorant public, treated the man who would fain have guided us aright in South Africa; and the story of Lord Durham and Canada is every whit as provocative of righteous if unavailing anger. Canada, in 1838, when the Canadian Constitution was suspended and Lord Durham was appointed Lord High Commissioner and Governor-General with extraordinary powers, was in a thoroughly unsatisfactory and even dangerous state. The story of Lord Durham's success and failure is admirably summarised by Mrs. Fawcett ("Life of Sir William Molesworth," Macmillan, 1902): "Success, brilliant and lasting for Canada and for the Colonial Empire of Great Britain; failure, official disgrace and death from a broken heart for the High Commissioner, abandoned and betrayed by the men who ought to have supported him at home." But (a very large "but"), "Lord Durham's report is justly looked upon as a charter of Colonial Freedom; it sounded almost for the first time in high places the note of Imperial Responsibility and Imperial

Unity." Nothing more scathing was ever said to any Government than in these words of Sir William Molesworth: "In proportion as Lord Durham was independent of the control of the Colonial Office, or even of Her Majesty's Government, in exactly the same ratio would a probability of a successful termination of these affairs increase."

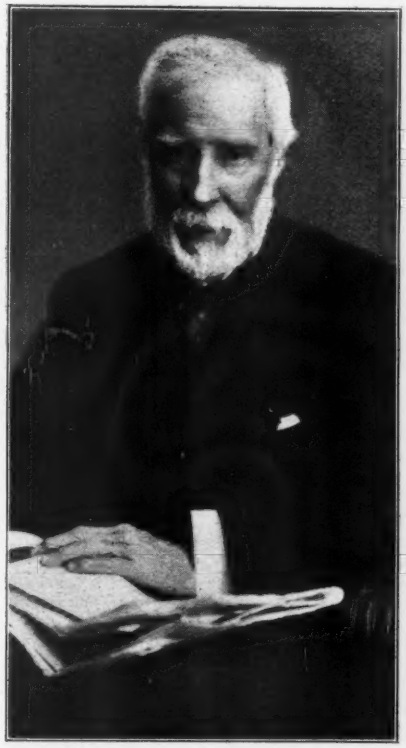
No, the old policy of the Colonial Office was unutterably bad. The reversal of it was the work of Sir William Molesworth, himself a practical coloniser, of Lord Durham, of Charles Buller, of Edward Wakefield, and a few others. Perhaps the best, certainly a very interesting, account of their noble work for the British Empire is to be found in the excellent book by Mrs. Fawcett to which reference has been made already. Of the whole group, Wakefield was perhaps the most remarkable. His "gamut of experience ranged from the life of an attaché to the British Embassies at Paris and Turin, to that of a prisoner in Lancaster Castle." The imprisonment, it must be admitted, was well earned, for he had abducted a young woman of position and had induced her to marry him by false pretences. But the period of Wakefield's imprisonment was certainly spent for the benefit of humanity. In prison he was permitted to write, or he succeeded in writing, two books of remarkable influence, "The Punishment of Death" and "A Letter from Sydney," of which the second only concerns us. It appears that, when he was committed to gaol, Wakefield believed that life would be impossible for him in future in England. He therefore made an exact study of literature concerning the Australasian Colonies; and the result was the "Letter from Sydney," which was signed with the name Robert Gouger. So intimate was the knowledge of colonial life displayed, so acute were the suggestions made, that everybody supposed the work to have come from the hand of a true colonist. As a matter of fact it came from the brain of a prisoner in Lancaster Castle, and it contained the germ of our colonial system, locally considered. "The main features of this scheme was that the Government of each colony should assume possession of all unoccupied land, and should gradually sell it in small lots at a fairly high price; that the fund thus brought into existence should be used to promote emigration; that emigrants should be carefully selected, a preference being given to the young; that an equal number of both sexes should be sent out, and that the general body of emigrants should be representative of all classes and of a great variety of occupations." Strange indeed was it, and grand in its way, that so complete a scheme should come, and should be able to come, from the brain of a prisoner!

But Wakefield was not destined to find himself an exile on his release from imprisonment. His crime had been adventurous rather than sordid, and he found many men, including Buller, J. S. Mill and Rintoul, the editor of the *Spectator*, to back him in founding the Colonisation Society in 1830. Molesworth, who was but twenty years old in 1830, did not join him until later. But it is significant of the feeling of the age that Molesworth was Chairman of the Select Committee to inquire into Transportation which was appointed in 1837. Youth was not despised in those days. It was well indeed that this should be, for all the men who worked for the freedom and advancement of the Colonies died young, and their influence was felt long after they had left the world. Transportation was not finally abolished, its last stronghold was in Western Australia, until 1867. That was twelve years after Molesworth's death, thirty years after the appointment of his Committee. So slowly do the mills of Government move; and that in spite of the fact that the Rev. John Clay could write justly, "Probably no volume was ever published in England of which the contents were so loathsome as the Appendix to the Committee's Report." Again, "Altogether it may be doubted whether in any community that ever existed the bestial and devilish elements of humanity were ever so fearfully de-

veloped as in the Transportation colonies. One people there once was which might have vied with our Australian progeny, and that people God expunged from the earth with fire and brimstone." Not less urgent were the efforts of Dr. Ullathorne, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Birmingham, who had spent much of his early life in New South Wales, and of Archbishop Whately, who wrote a noble letter on the subject.

Mainly through the efforts of those who have been named Transportation died, although it died hard; but we must remember, in criticising its supporters, amongst whom Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) and Sir George Grey were reckoned, that it perished in the British Empire first, and that it still survives elsewhere. But Wakefield's work did not end with the abolition of "the accursed thing." With Molesworth and Buller he helped to found the South Australia Association in 1834, and the New Zealand Association in 1837; and in their movement they had the support of the Duke of Wellington, whose name is commemorated in the capital of New Zealand. The band of reformers was not, as too many reformers have been, content simply to attack the giant of evil; they strained every nerve, they spent much money and even more energy, in establishing the good in the place of the evil. If Australia and New Zealand should desire to formulate a lay Saints' Calendar, the names of Arthur Duke of Wellington, William Molesworth, Charles Buller, Torrens, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield would be inscribed upon it in conspicuous letters. Moreover, Wakefield, after he had done noble work elsewhere, himself proceeded to New Zealand in 1852, and, with Lord Lyttelton, founded the Church of England community at Canterbury.

But there was other work to be done first. Brief reference has already been made to Lord Durham's splendid work, achieved at so great a cost, in Canada. "I expected," he wrote in his famous Report, "to find a contest between a Government and a people—I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single State. I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races; and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or institutions until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosiy that now separates the



(Elliott & Fry, photo, London)
Sir George Grey

inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English." Incidentally Mrs. Fawcett suggests that these words, and our knowledge of Canada as it is, strengthen the hope that good government and free institutions will in due time produce an effect equally beneficial in South Africa. More to our immediate purpose, however, is it to note that Buller as Secretary, and Wakefield in an unofficial capacity—Lord Melbourne would not permit him to be appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands—accom-

panied Lord Durham to Canada. Then came the famous Report of which it was said epigrammatically "Wakefield thought it, Buller wrote it, Durham signed it." That, Mrs. Fawcett thinks, was to underestimate Lord Durham's share in the matter; and, after all, point is considered more than accuracy in the making of epigrams, which is the reason why they mislead. Still, Dr. Garnett, no rash writer, who has written a summary of Wakefield's life as well as a longer book, commits himself to the sentence, "The famous Durham Report, the charter of colonial self-government, though principally written by Charles Buller, was mainly inspired by Wakefield;" and Dr. Garnett concludes his summary thus: "When every deduction has been made, it remains indisputably true that no colonial statesman of his time rivalled him in insight and genius; and that England owes to him one of her noblest Colonies and many of the principles which guide the administration of them all." That, surely, might be a proud inscription to be made on the tomb of one who spent three years of his life in prison, and deserved to spend them there.

"The Charter of Colonial Self-government"—that is a great phrase, and it remains, so far as this division of the subject goes, only to outline the principles which the founders of national administration of the Colonies believed in so strongly that they compelled their general acceptance. Transportation apart—that was an outrage—they held that free institutions were the inalienable right of every man of British blood, perhaps of every white man, in a colony as at home. They believed that the local legislatures ought to have exclusive control over local affairs; they had faith in "a system of States clustered round the hereditary monarchy of *England*." The word is retained because Sir William Molesworth, himself partly of Scottish extraction, used it so in the House of Commons in 1850, when he was advocating a Bill designed to confer self-government on South Australia and Van Diemen's Land. In a quotation of this kind it would be wrong to make alterations even for the satisfaction of sensitive Scots or Irishmen. They may readily understand his meaning, they will know he intended no slight upon them, and in the light of recent events they will recognise the truth of his prophecy of April 1851, that the Colonies, justly governed on his principles, "would gladly and willingly come to the aid of the mother-country in any just and necessary war . . . will be bound to Great Britain by the strong ties of language, race, interest, and affection." But it is hard, indeed, to realise the courage which was needed to make that prophecy in days when Disraeli could write, "These wretched Colonies will be independent in a few years and are millstones round our necks;" when Mr. Bright thought we ought to give up Malta and Gibraltar; when Lord Aberdeen said, "Malta we cannot do without, but I wish we were well rid of Gibraltar"; when Bentham wrote his famous pamphlet, "Emancipate your Colonies." These things are recalled not in any spirit of bitterness, for all these errors of judgment were committed in good faith, but to show how deep is the debt which this generation, at home and in the Colonies, owes to a small body of earnest and long-sighted politicians.

The Empire of the Present and Future

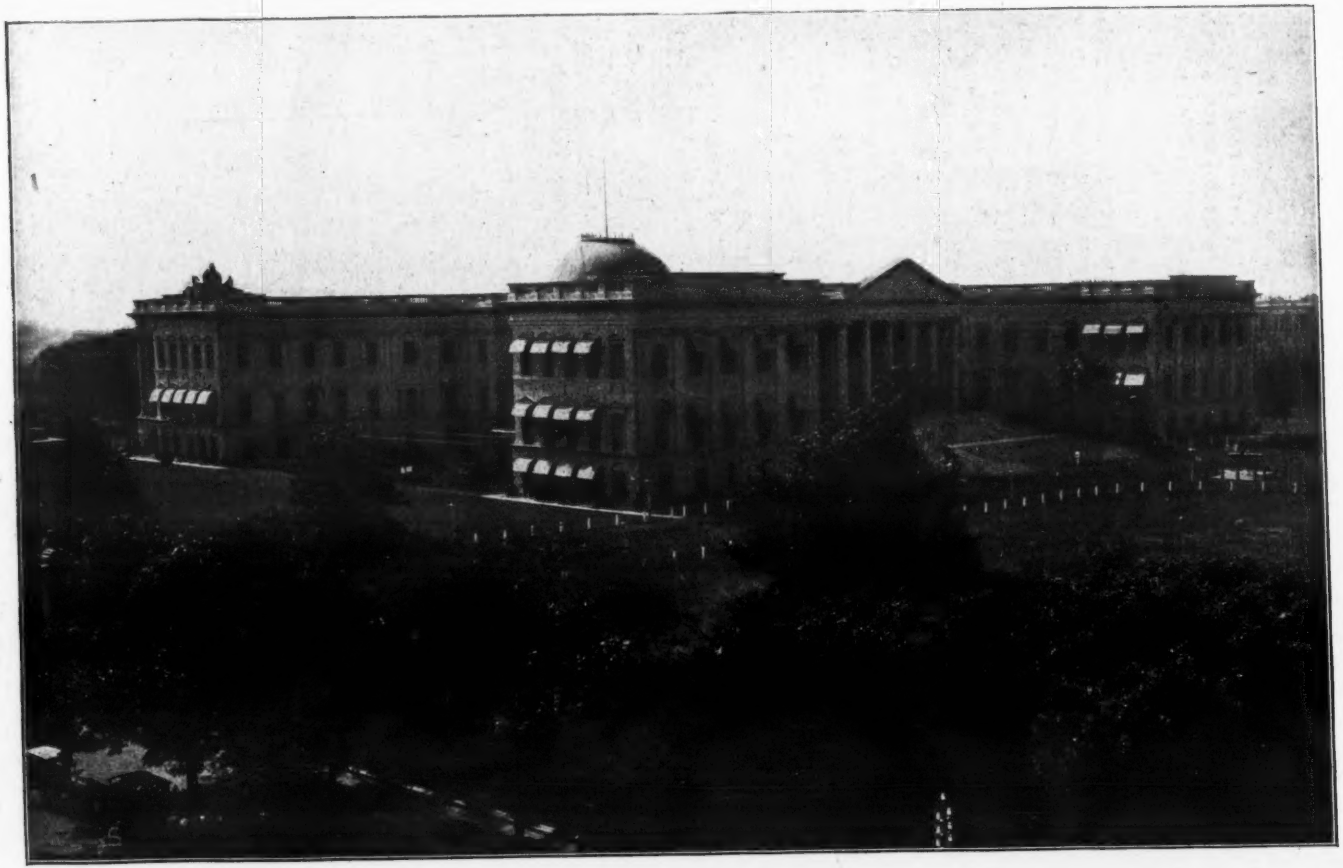
In beginning to deal with this section of the subject it may not be amiss to open with a confession of failure. Not once or twice has the writer endeavoured to classify the constituent parts of the Empire into divisions, territorially and on the basis of race and colour, but the pity of it is that they will persist in overlapping. There, on the one hand, is India with its teeming millions of many classes and innumerable religions, governed, on the whole, wisely and well, by a small body of specially trained civil servants, garrisoned by soldiers of British blood, who have trained thousands of coloured soldiers of many races to be loyal and efficient servants of the Crown. There is British Africa, where it is substantially

accurate to say that the blacks are of but one class, and that the lowest, where the problem is also complicated by the existence of Dutch disaffection. There are Australia and Canada, where the natives, so to speak, do not count. There is New Zealand, where the Maoris, whom gallant and misunderstood Sir George Grey fought and befriended, are, through the policy initiated by him, a valuable asset of Empire. It is clear that the principles advocated by the saviours of Colonial Empire do not apply at all to some of these countries, and that where they do apply they are applicable in various degrees. Let us, then, not fall into the danger of being misled by the fascination of formal method, lest, in the desire to classify, we neglect essential distinctions, allowing matter to yield to form. Let us rather be content to accept the distribution made for us by geography, and to consider what the present state, the value and the potentialities are of the various parts of the Empire, or the chief parts of the Empire, as it lies distributed over the globe; but let us pay most attention to those parts which are self-governing or capable of self-government. Also, by way of clearing the way to this topic of principal interest, let us dispose of India, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements as quickly as possible.

India

Here little shall be written, not because there is not abundance to be said, but because the whole space allotted for this article would not suffice to touch upon the myriad questions which are involved. Time was when a "Perish India" school flourished, but its voice is not heard now. To say that India is ours by right of conquest is but half a truth. Indeed it is doubtfully true at all; for, although Indian history's pages are hallowed by the names of countless heroes of British blood, every step of conquest which they made in India was with the aid of natives of the land. It was Britain's enterprising commerce which won a foothold at the outset; and, though we may have seemed to buy Empire anew by tremendous military effort at the time of the Mutiny, we must not forget that the graves which strewed the ridges round rebel Delhi—the Imperial Delhi of next January's stately function—were less often filled with the bodies of our fighting countrymen than with those of faithful natives of India, who fought with us to regain for England the Empire that, without their superb courage and sorely-tried devotion, might have been lost for ever. Let those Britons who attend the splendid pageants which Lord Curzon has appropriately ordained to commemorate the coronation of all India's first Emperor, spend one quiet half-hour on that highest ridge outside Delhi, where the Mutiny memorial stands, and read the list of British dead and the longer list of their native comrades. Then, as is proper, let their hearts pulse with pride in the conquering valour of the British race; but let them not forget the courageous loyalty of the men who fought with us against heavy odds of their own colour and creed.

Nor, if we could claim full right of conquest in India, would this be our best title to hold it. We found it a land which was never all at peace, never reasonably free from battle, murder and sudden death, until we took it in charge. Now peace reigns from end to end, and every appliance is used to fight the awful battle against the forces of nature, which is an inseparable accident of existence in the East. Our Indian fellow-subjects have their own press, they plead in our courts of law, their laws and religions are respected, their customs are allowed to continue, their stake in trade is more than considerable, they enjoy representative municipal government; and no civil or judicial office is closed to them. To men of the fighting races, breeds of warriors who know no fear of death, our military service is open; and, if we stay their advancement to the higher ranks, it is only to avoid a repetition of that mistake of over-confidence which was the prelude to, and more than half the cause of, the Mutiny.



Parliament House, Calcutta

No wise man fully trusts that which he does not understand; and to think one understands the natives of India is the habitual mistake of the unintelligent. A veil is over them, their inner lives, their most sacred feelings. How can a man of European blood understand the nature of one who serves him faithfully, within certain limits prescribed by traditional custom, yet despises him at the same moment? And it is just because the wisest men, who have known India long, recognise their inability to understand the true nature of the native races, that they are united in opposition to schemes for representative government in India. Thoughtless and enthusiastic men of the type immortalised in "Pagett M.P." are incapable of realising how little they understand the sentiments of the native races. They find men of great intellectual accomplishment and culture, on the surface at any rate, full of professions of friendliness, and they assume, naturally perhaps, that a community composed of such men must be capable of self-government. They know nothing of the divisions between races and castes, the traditions and the mental habits born of centuries of subservience. They forget that side by side in India, under firm British rule, there dwell in peace fierce fighting races whose traditions are all of conquest and bloodshed, and soft cowardly races which are accustomed to be ruled. They forget, too, that under British rule the high caste families of conquering lineage submit to equality before the law with the low-born hordes whom they despise. Yet it is from the soft and cowardly races and the lower breeds that arise most readily those glib-tongued demagogues and pushful students who would come to the front if representative government were granted. And who could answer for the peace of India then?

Besides, to put the matter on its lowest plane, of profit to ourselves; though it is true that we take no tribute from India, it is something to have an outlet for our surplus population of what may be described as the professional class, and India is the very best of military schools. Our islands are crowded; the avenues to the professions are sufficiently blocked; and of professional men, doctors, lawyers, engineers and the like, there is an ample supply in the English-speaking Colonies. In taking these off our hands during their years of stress and struggle, and returning them as pensioned experts and authorities, India is doing to us, as a community, valuable service. But the greatest value to us of India lies in the added weight which its possession gives to the voice of Britain in the councils of the world, in the great addition which it makes to our military strength, free of charge to us. How should we train and pay the scores of British regiments that India entertains, and where should we find the splendid native troops that are always keen for our service in any corner of the world?

If we take a higher moral ground, and consider only India's interests, can it be urged that she is the loser by her connection with Britain? Far otherwise. She is kept at peace, whereas in days gone by the land was always war-worn. She is governed in the interests of the people, instead of in the interests of changing rulers. The poorest of the people obtain equal justice, and that was a boon never dreamed of under native rulers. The administration is excellent, the executive incorruptible. Her princes are now, for the first time in her history, united in loyalty and devotion to the central power, which they would certainly not be if anything so totally opposed to their traditions and customs as representative government were granted; while the mass of her peoples, so far as they have given thought to the matter at all, are well aware that they are better off under British rule than they could be under any other government. To have produced this state of things in India is one of Great Britain's proudest achievements. The steps in the process are pages of glorious history; and on the last of them it is written that we are in a position of responsibility from which we could by no

Parliament House, Canberra

means withdraw without losing our position as a nation and ruining the Empire that we have in charge. As for representative government, it would be resented and resisted by the princes, not in the least understood by the mass of the peoples, welcomed, perhaps, by a few self-seeking baboos, who would see in it a chance of personal advancement; and it would wreck India in a very short time.

India, in a word, requires to be governed firmly and well, by the duly appointed Government on the spot, with as little interference as may be on the part of the Department of State at home, although obviously the reasons against interference are not so great as in the case of a self-governing colony. But it is in harmony with Indian traditions—and they are of extraordinary permanence—that one supreme and unquestionable head, the apostolic successor, so to speak, of the Emperors of days gone by, should crown the whole edifice of government. Disraeli may have failed, early in his career, to realise the ideal of a Colonial Empire, but in the matter of securing for the late Queen Victoria the title of Empress of India he had an unquestionable flash of political inspiration. Himself of Oriental

(*Bassano, photo, London, W.*)

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India

descent, he perceived, by intuition as it were, the necessity of placing before Oriental eyes an outward and visible sign of the Imperial idea, which is the only idea of government that really appeals to the Eastern mind, and he saw that this sign must be a gorgeous one. How valuable that move of Disraeli was, scoffed at though it was by those who had never been east of Suez and could not imagine the conditions of Indian life, has been plain from recent events. Lord Curzon, a Viceroy comparable to Lord Mayo and the late Lord Dufferin in point of political sagacity, appreciating, like Lord Lytton, the value of pomp, is known to have expressed the view that it would be of priceless value if the King himself could by any means have attended the Durbar. This is not written by way of suggestion that it has been in any sense remiss of his Majesty not to be present at the Durbar in person. There are, indeed, many reasons why it was better for him not to go, of which the chief is that his people want him at home, and his Ministers need him also; though it may be suspected that, if personal wishes alone had been in question, the King, who rightly values Royal Pomp for its effect upon the popular mind, would have been willing to take the leading part in this ceremonial of unexampled splendour. But the language which has been used has been employed designedly to show that Lord Curzon, who knew the East well as a travelling Englishman before he accepted the Viceroyalty of India, who has acquitted himself in that high office with conspicuous ability and dignity, thoroughly realised how important to the Eastern mind it was that there should be a signal and personal manifestation of the Imperial idea. Substitute, since substitute there had to be, there could be none better than the Duke of Connaught, unless indeed it were the Prince of Wales. But the Prince of Wales did enough for his country and for ours last year. Nor, probably, to the Eastern idea is there much difference in point of importance between the Emperor's brother and his heir. In the royal families which the East knows best, uncles have a short way with nephews when the succession appears to be vacant.

Such, then, is India: a school of diplomatists and of statesmen, amongst whom Lord Mayo, Lord Lytton, the late Lord Dufferin, and the present Viceroy rank high; of great captains, for it gave us the Duke of Wellington and Lord Roberts; of military training generally, for to it we owe the seasoned troops and tried officers that uphold our Empire's honour in every corner of the world to-day. Also it is a place of honourable employment for thousands of honest Englishmen; and the justification of our possession of it is to be found in the happiness of the people. It is a happiness not complete perhaps, for India is subject to pestilence and famine, as well as to political agitation and grinding poverty. But it is a happiness far greater, or shall we say a misery far less, than was known in the days preceding English rule. As India is, so, in all probability, she is destined to remain, even if there should be some day that oft-threatened invasion from the North, the possibility of which it were idle to ignore, although there is no reason to believe that it would be successful. But here we have reached the boundary-line of the present survey.

Ceylon and Singapore

Ceylon is lovely beyond expression; the train journey to Kandy and the ancient capital itself are indeed among the most beautiful things on earth. The Singhalese, who are very gentle and pleasant in their manner, and almost distressingly anxious to oblige, are decently industrious and as easy to govern as Sidney declared the Irish to be in the time of Elizabeth. The chiefs or headmen are strange to look upon in their finest attire, since that chief is accounted most honourable who can wrap the greatest number of yards of silk round his waist, so that the so-called waist projects twelve inches or more beyond the brawny body above, to say nothing of the spindle shanks below. But, quaint as

they are, they are loyal also, and, under British direction and limitations, they govern their tribesmen fairly well. In fact, in Ceylon every prospect pleases, especially that of Paradenya (Botanical Gardens more luxuriant tenfold than any hothouse, on the scale of a park, with a background of majestic mountains), and man, save perhaps from the ultra-missionary point of view, is by no means particularly vile. The people are for the most part Buddhists, a nice quiet religion; and the planters, albeit apt to break out into somewhat excessive rejoicing when they find themselves at Kandy or Colombo for a few days, and relieved from the monotony of plantation life, are a splendidly patriotic body. They volunteered merrily during the late war; they did good service in it; and they were heartily thanked by the Duke of York (now the Prince of Wales) for their conduct, in a speech made on the lawn of Government House at Kandy. And those same planters are the more to be commended for their patriotism in that their lots of late have not been cast in pleasant and easy places. Coffee-planting is not what it was, and even the tea-planting, which was courageously introduced in its place, has not been an undiluted success; but the planters stick to their work bravely, and the Prince of Wales made sympathetic allusion in one of his many speeches not only to their patriotism, but also to their courage, pertinacity, and resourcefulness.

Perhaps one word of warning to those who have thoughts of adopting the planter's life in Ceylon may not be out of place. Financially it has no great attractions. The profits, such as they are, are mostly made by planters on a large scale, general merchants in England, who grow the tea, sell it wholesale, sell it retail and are able to do things magnificently. Relaxation in the way of sport is not entirely wanting. But the climate is enervating, the monotony and solitude of the planter's life are very trying, and the temptations to drown sorrow are more than considerable. Your Ceylon planter needs to be a man of exceptionally strong character, unless he is to yield to the insidious attractions of strong drink in excess.

Singapore and the Straits Settlements

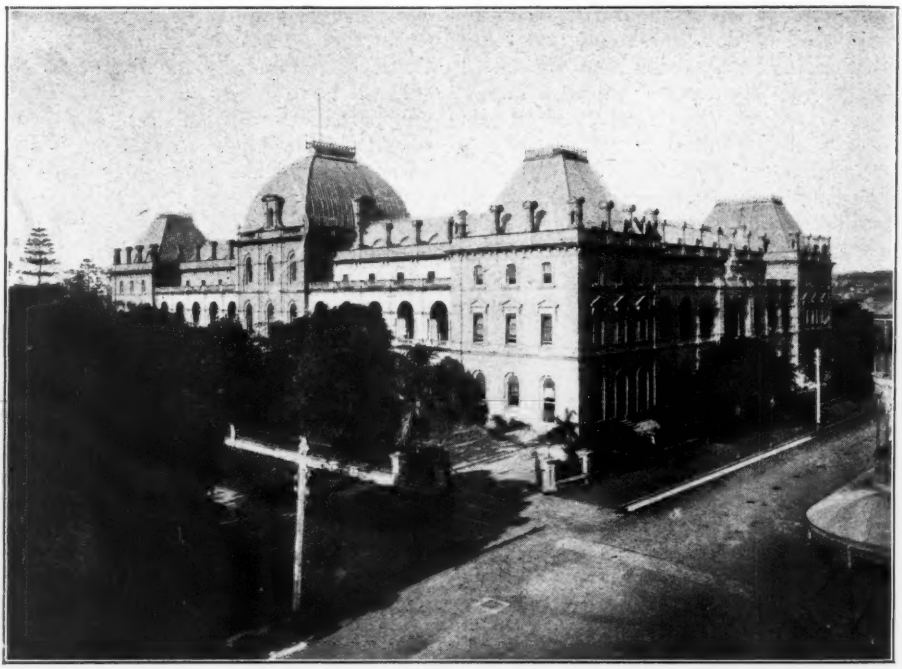
Here we come to the last, and in some ways the most interesting, of the purely Oriental communities in the British dominions visited by the Prince of Wales. Thirty years have seen a miracle worked in the Malay Peninsula. Without the employment of any large military force, as Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace has pointed out ("The Web of Empire," Macmillan, 1902), a warlike people, and a roadless, jungle-covered country, have been brought under civilised administration. 2000 miles of roads, 1000 miles of telegraph-wire, and more than 200 miles of railway, are exercising their civilising influence. Even the fierce Malay goes about unarmed, and many Malays of high class hold important office. The quiet and unostentatious way in which this miracle has been worked, the tact that has been displayed by the brave and able men to whom the result is due, have hardly received adequate acknowledgment at home, except on the rare occasions when, as once at Perak, a Sultan has proved faithless and a devoted Resident has been assassinated. But of the fruit of the labours of these hard-working and resolute officers there is no kind of doubt. In the Malay population we have a people loyal to our rule because it pays them. It gives to the high-class Malays a definite share in office and government, which they appreciate highly; it gives to those of lower grades rights in property, in their own labour, in their wives and children, to which they were complete strangers under their sometime rulers. I had an opportunity of personal conversation, in April of 1901, with many of the men who had done the work. They did not boast of it—that is not the Englishman's way—but it was clear that the effect was of an abiding character. Industrious, or prominent in commerce, the indolent Malay will never be; but he is

a first-rate fighting-man, and may legitimately be classed as such.

Then, again, in Singapore are Hindus and numerous Chinese. The former are simply hewers of wood and drawers of water, to speak figuratively. Of the latter, an officer who has seen the whole progress of civilisation in the Malay Peninsula, used some remarkable words to Sir Donald Wallace: "They are the bone and sinew of the Malay States—the labourers, miners, shopkeepers, contractors, capitalists, holders of revenue farms, the contributors of nearly the whole of the revenue. . . . We never make friends with them, because they do not understand being treated as equals. But they are easily governed by a man of determination; and they are intelligent enough to understand that, under a strong, just administration, they can make money, their great object in life. They naturally rallied, therefore, to the British officers, who were the representatives of order and good government." With all this I agree, adding only that, according to one authority, whom I trust, the Chinese of Singapore are honestly proud of their British citizenship as well as convinced that it is to their advantage. Not in any part of the British Empire known to me—I do not know Hong Kong—is the value of a Chinese community more conspicuously in evidence than in Singapore. Of the utility of a flourishing German community of merchants in the same place, from our point of view, there may be room for doubt. At any rate, they are living testimony to public confidence in the justice of British rule; but one may be forgiven for wishing that British and not Germans were making the money which the latter are acquiring. In truth, the British community at Singapore needs,

Perth, Western Australia

perhaps more than the mercantile and industrial body at home, the injunction of the Prince of Wales to "Wake up!" lated impression of them all is one of a wonderful and magnificent demonstration of personal and corporate loyalty.



(*Wilson, Photo, Aberdeen*)

Parliament Buildings, Brisbane

for it is to be feared that in Singapore we are falling behind in the race.

Take it for all in all, however, the process of civilising Malaya, begun really in 1874, which culminated in the formation of Malay Federation in 1896, has been an unqualified and surprising success.

Australia

I reached Australia two days before the day of the opening of the Federal Parliament at Melbourne by the Prince of Wales. I saw triumphal entries into many cities in many States, witnessed as many courtly ceremonies as could be borne, attended at a large number of reviews. None of these ceremonies, of course, was wanting in considerable significance and importance, and the accumu-

Indeed it may be as well to state here, once and for all, that the Royal pair won golden opinions; that their visit to Australia was an absolute success; that its memory will have a practical value for many a long day. His Royal Highness went straight to the hearts of Australian men. Amongst a race in which public speaking is an accomplishment that comes all too easily, he was admired for his more than considerable oratorical powers and for the statesmanlike care with which his speeches were prepared. Amongst a nation of horsemen he was recognised as a good rider. His powers with the gun, so far as there was an opportunity of using them, were certainly equal, probably superior, to those of any Australian born. His consort was imme-

diately beloved of all Australian mothers, and enthusiastically admired by all Australian men. All these things were good to see and to hear. They left no doubt that the patriotism which the youth of Australia had shown in volunteering for the South African War, which the other classes in Australia had made manifest in taxing themselves to that end, were real and vigorous. But they did not show the real Australia, although they did show a part of it.

(Newman, photo, Sydney)

Right Hon. Sir E. Barton, Federal Premier

I saw the cities too. Stately Melbourne, better laid out than any European city; Sydney, not so majestic, but at least equally prosperous; Adelaide (which was nearly called Wellington, to celebrate the aid which the great Duke gave to colonial freedom), recalling Melbourne in its orderly design; semi-tropical Brisbane; Ballarat, once the most famous gold-reef city in the world, and a matchless demonstration in architecture of municipal public spirit; Perth, nestling on the edge of the sunny lagoon of the Swan River; Albany, with its splendid harbour, which seems to have been deserted for no particular reason; Coolgardie, which rushed up like a rocket and almost fell down like the rocket's stick; Kalgoorlie, which has grown in

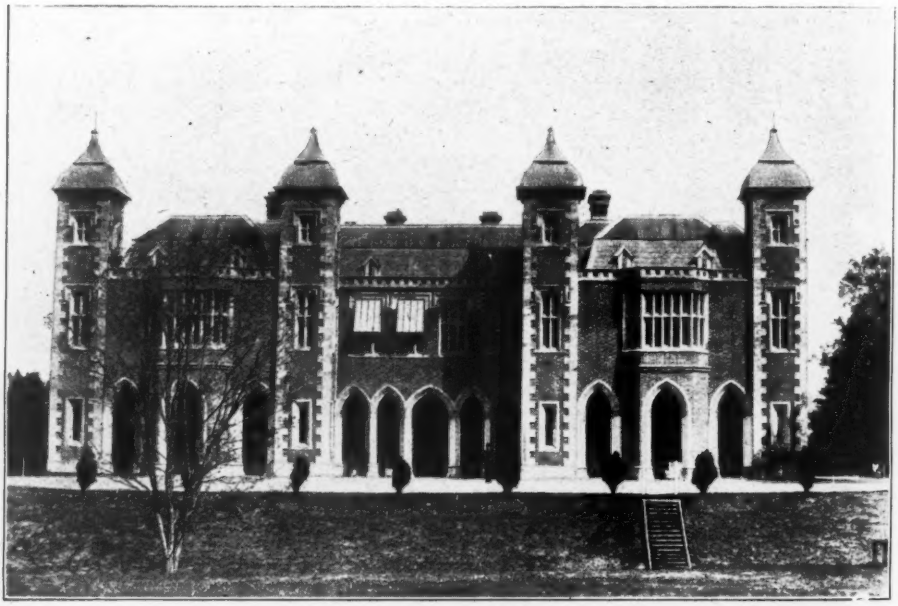
Australian Wool—Merino Sheep

Australian Wool Going to Market

the red desert into a well-equipped city in six years, almost as rapidly as a mushroom in a pasture, although it is probably not destined to match the mushroom in its brevity of existence. Here let it be said in passing, that, apart from questions of over-capitalisation, gold-mining at Kalgoorlie is an honest enterprise, carried on with the best apparatus, and that it is not safe to mention the London Stock Exchange or Company Promoter to the official of a Kalgoorlie mine.

I had also the great privilege of spending four never-to-be-forgotten days as the guest of a pastoralist or "squatter" in the heart of New South Wales.

That pastoralist's home is worthy of a momentary pause. 313,000 acres of land, much of it cleared, or in process of clearing; 200,000 merino sheep; 10,000 horned cattle; 1000 horses—those are the figures. In the centre of them imagine a house, English in point of comfort, colonial in point of hospitality; picture also the pastoralist himself, of pure English descent—his ancestor was a naval officer who came to New South Wales in the *Sirius*—mother and daughters, who were simply English ladies in Australia; two sons at home, past-masters of horsemanship and every kind of sport, but keen and practical participators with their own hands in the operations of the huge estate. A third son was fighting our battles in South Africa. This was Australian life at its best, and the reference to it, which is in truth a digression made in pure self-indulgence, may be useful because it is well to make known the best side of up-country life, and because it brought me to one of the principal difficulties of the Australian Commonwealth. To the "new chum" it was entirely delightful to escape from the roar of cities and the blaze of pageantry to an English home, almost "a haunt of ancient peace," in the midst of a really trackless wilderness of pasture and gum-



Government House, Perth, Western Australia

trees. Very pleasant, too, was it to see refinement and industry go hand in hand, to watch a muster of 10,000 merino sheep, a quivering sea of priceless wool, to look on at the branding and "cutting out" of cattle—the former process needs a strong stomach—to be driven across country, over logs and between trees, up and down gullies, by a four-in-hand driver who, for sheer efficiency, would put a member of the Coaching Club to shame. Sweet, too, in memory is an afternoon spent among the wallabies, and another amongst hares and kangaroo rats.

But, through all the delights of those brief holidays from pageantry, of that interlude in ceremony, ran a melancholy and persistent reflection. Frequent droughts notwithstanding, the country was splendid and full of promise of reward for labour. But men were few and far between, and the story is the same all over Australia. Cities are congested, the country is desolate. On the face of all the vast continent of Australia there are less than 4,000,000 people, and very nearly half of them are concentrated in the capitals of the various States, to say nothing of the minor cities and the mining communities. For the last-named agglomeration of people there is an excuse in economics; they cluster round an industry; for the first named there is next to no excuse, for the Australian capitals are not industrial centres to any considerable extent. Their business is that of middlemen to the producers in the back-country, and these producers are not nearly numerous enough. A very serious matter, too, is that the rate of the natural increase of the population in the cities, particularly in those cities which were situate in protective States before Federation, has been decreasing enormously. In all Australia it fell, in a single decade, from 38.95 to 19.15 per cent. In Victoria the increase was but 4.86 per cent., in New South Wales 20.30.

In fact, with all the desire in the world to take an optimistic view, and in spite of confidence that all will come right some day, because the resources of the country are inexhaustible, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is something rotten in the present state of Australia. What that something is shall be stated with the courage of conviction gained by conversation with leading men of many classes all through Australia. It has been stated already that the pageantry of royal processions and of courtly ceremonies taught nothing of the state of Australia, although it was a revelation of the patriotism of Australians. But the occasions were such that all that is best and most thoughtful and intelligent in Australia was brought together; and I had the privilege, at one time or another, of meeting on intimate terms practically all the leading men on both sides in politics, and, much more important, the men who eschewed politics altogether.

Amongst the latter I found a tone approaching to pessimism, the explanation of which was summed up in a thing said to me by an Australian pastoralist in England this summer, when I observed that I had met many Australian statesmen and politicians. "Then," said he, "you did not see the best side of Australians." He was bitter, but, from what I was able to learn, it seemed to me that there was reason for his bitterness. Politicians, as a class, are distrusted in Australia, perhaps because they are paid; a large section of the industrious part of the community, which is a very different thing from the industrial part of it, eschews politics altogether. The industrial section of the community, on the other hand, lives for politics and by them. The Labour party has the whip-hand in the Government, as of course it might have here; and it uses the whip without mercy to the community at large, thinking much of the immediate comfort of the working man and nothing of the future of Australia as a whole. To those who doubt this conclusion I would commend a study of Sir Donald Wallace's book. As a semi-official record of a Royal Tour it is clearly written with diplomatic tact, with the utmost care not to offend any sus-

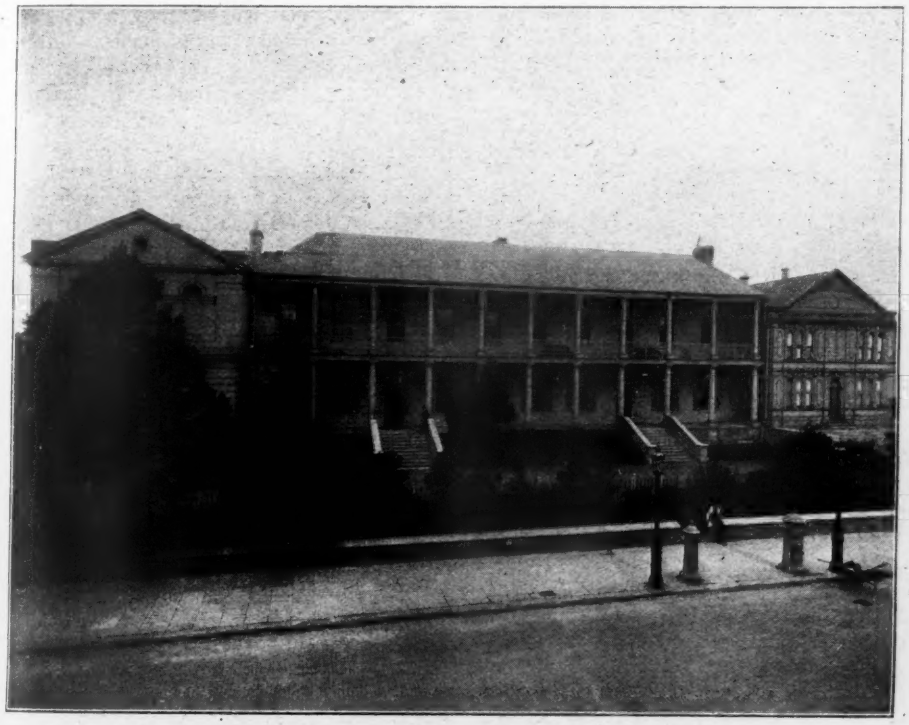
ceptibilities; but truth will out. It is obviously the judgment of Sir Donald Wallace, who is a thinker of great experience and caution, that the Labour party of Australia are thinking not of Australia but of themselves, not of the future but of the present. That is the basis of the statutory minimum wage which prevails, partially causing congestion in the towns; that is the explanation for the cry, now carried into law of gradual operation, for a White Australia. They desire to keep Australia as a comfortable "preserve" (Sir Donald Wallace's word), so to speak, for tralia great. Their answer, if they were frank—and they would be quite likely so to be—would be that they care not a whit for national greatness. In fact, they are not the patriots; they are not the men who helped us in South Africa; our help came from the scattered populations of the country districts.

There is yet another danger, to Federation itself this time, which impressed itself deeply upon me in Queensland. It is that the Federal Government is, in some matters, very like the Colonial Office at home in the days of "government by the misinformed with responsi-

Government House, Sydney

the white workman, a place in which, for the least possible exertion, he may secure the greatest possible results. For a while, no doubt, they will succeed, for the resources of the country are vast; but that is not the way to make Aus- bility to the ignorant." It was made perfectly clear to me, and the course of events now is proving, as fast as it can, that the passage into law of the White Australia Bill would ruin the sugar industry of Northern Queensland.

It was also plain that Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, had left the sugar-planters under the impression that he would save them if he could. As a pure matter of fact he yielded to the Labour party; the Bill became a statute, in spite of petitions from Queensland that the Royal assent might be postponed until inquiry had been made; and there is no doubt whatsoever that the sugar industry will be ruined. White men simply cannot cut and trash cane in the tropics and live in a manner worthy of their colour. If they could do the work, they would certainly refuse to do it at prices leaving a profit to the producer. The result, therefore, to the sugar-plantations is as sure as death itself, in fact it is death; and Queensland is sore and angry. Indeed the whole community is aggrieved, and Queenslanders in general are affected, since the capital invested in sugar machinery and plant is, to a large extent, capital advanced by the Queensland Government under a special Act to that end. Exasperated Queensland says it was induced to support Federation by false pretences.



Parliament House, Sydney

The case really is very similar in surroundings to many an historic blunder by the Colonial Office. As for the Labour party, they neither know nor care anything about the Kanakas, although they are clever enough to make capital out of exaggerated accounts of their sufferings. For them the Act means exclusion of Chinese and Japanese, who will work. On the other hand, the mass of Australians know nothing, or next to nothing, about Queensland and the conditions of life in it; and the Federal Government, representing the Australian masses, is

fast ruining Queensland. Altogether, then, the immediate prospect is very far from being rosy, and in the case of Queensland there is no doubt that irreparable loss has been inflicted. But the economic errors of the Labour party generally in Australia will, after much tribulation, rectify themselves. It is possible to generalise wrongly in Political Economy, but its fundamental laws are as immutable as that of gravitation itself, and they reassert themselves. When, for example, a minimum wage for Government contracts (and therefore necessarily for other labour) was established in Victoria, it was not long before the Unions requested that the minimum might be abolished. They found, in sooth, that the employers could not afford to employ any but the very best workmen at the statutory rates. So the indifferent men went unemployed. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The mills of Economy grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small, and they will prevail some day or other to bring the Labour party to its senses. But the process will be long and costly.

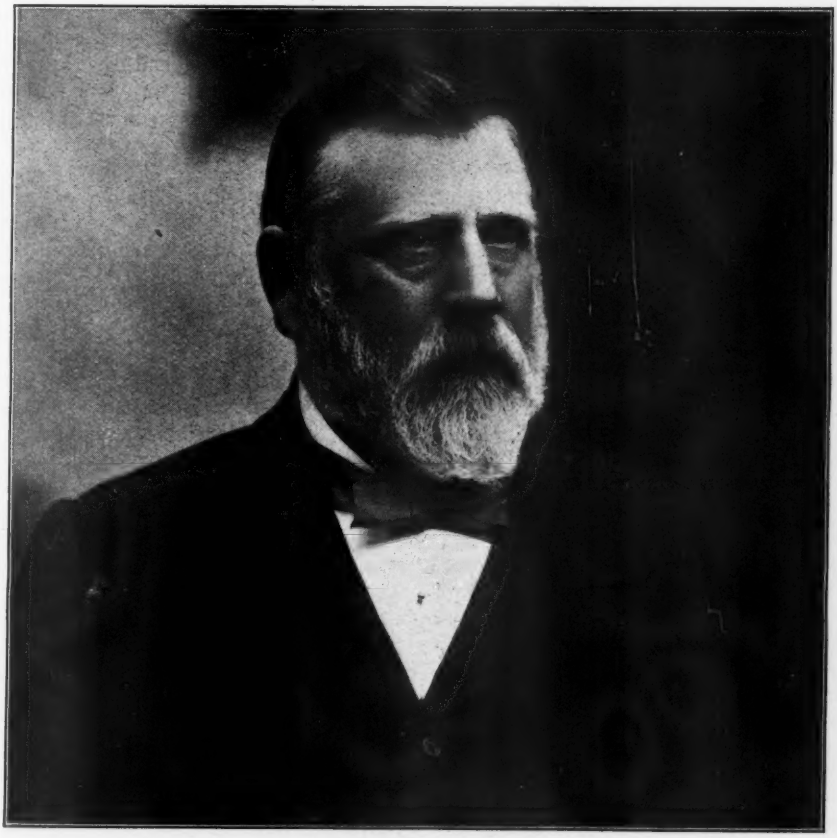
In Tasmania also some of the thoughtful people were inclined to be a trifle doubtful as to their prospects under Federation. It is a country of splendid resources, mineral and agricultural, but the population is very small, and the resources are not greatly developed. So the community, although it contains some rich men, is poor as a community. It is to be feared that its main grievance at the moment of my visit was one for which a good many excellent folks will refuse sympathy. It was simply that "Tattersall's" was threatened with extinction by the Federal Government. Now Tattersall's is, or was (unless it has found some way of postponing the evil day) simply a horse-racing lottery on a colossal scale. It has, or had, as I saw upon casual examination of the books, clients not merely in all parts of Australasia, but all over the world. Its machinery, manipulated under police supervision, in return for which a percentage of receipts went to the Tasmanian Treasury, was of unquestionable fairness. And it brought in over £20,000 a year to an impoverished treasury in a highly taxed country. Perhaps it was right that it should go; but the £20,000 a year will be sadly missed. And if it be true that men will gamble in spite of all restrictions, then it is at least arguable that it is better for the machinery of gambling to be honest, and for the profits of the bookmaker — for that is what it comes to—to go to the State, than that a class of professional bookmakers should be created, if not encouraged. Tariffs, too, seemed likely to hit Tasmania hard. But the loyalty of Tasmania to Federation, unlike that of Queenslanders, is almost as great as their loyalty to the Empire, and that is simply boundless. Out of a population of 182,000, Tasmania sent 600 officers and men to South Africa, and her sons can claim two Victoria Crosses earned during the war. A grand record is this, and the quality of the troops reviewed before the Prince of Wales was simply excellent. Also, to my thinking, the people seemed more English in their ways than in any other Australian State.

New Zealand

But New Zealand was more English, or more British—for the people of Dunedin, the Edinburgh of the south, are pure Scots—than Tasmania. It has kept aloof from Australian Federation, and perhaps the attitude has been wise. If the Federal Government cannot understand Queensland's needs, it would hardly have been likely to understand those of New Zealand; and as for Imperial loyalty, it cannot be said to exist in a more flourishing state anywhere, even at home, than in New Zealand. She kept on sending off contingents of her gallant sons one after the other in endless succession, and it seemed as if she were prepared to go on sending them off for ever. Yet there were enough of them left behind, or returned, to show, if the annals of the war had not made that manifest already, how splendid was the material.

Emphatically the New Zealanders are

a hard-fighting race; men who do not seek a fight, but, when a fight comes in their way, enjoy it to the full. Their skill in fighting, and their zest for it, may be traced in some measure to the difficulties which they had to encounter, and the foes whom they had to meet, in effecting the settlement of the islands. Elsewhere in Australasia the natives offered but a poor resistance to the white settler; but the Maori nation was, and it is pleasant to be able to add is, a race of real men, stalwart specimens of mankind, at its very best physically, whom it would be hard to match in any other part of the world. The annals, perfectly true, it is believed, of the early Pakehas (white men who settled among the Maoris and lived their lives) are fascinating to read. Superstitious they were, devout believers in a ridiculous system of tabu (which they perhaps brought from their traditional home somewhere in the Pacific), and cruel cannibals. But they were, to put it in colloquial terms, the most sportsmanlike fighters the world has ever seen, and their intertribal battles—incessant because they were carried on for sheer love of sport—were conducted with as much etiquette as a mediæval tourney. There is an



(*Falk, photo, Sydney*)

Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand

authentic case on record in which, after the Pakehas had introduced muskets, a besieged party sent out a message to ask why the besiegers left them unmolested. The answer was that the besiegers had no ammunition. Thereupon, the besieged immediately divided their store into two equal portions, and sent one half of it to the enemy!

Such men naturally gave great trouble to the settlers; and two severe wars, the second of them as recent as 1861, had to be fought to the bitter end before they were subdued. Veterans from those wars, many of them the fathers of men who had fought or were then fighting in South Africa, were paraded before the Prince in every city, and to one group of them he made an extempore speech of startling eloquence and feeling, which was universally admired. But the best thing of all, due originally to the efforts of Sir George Grey, is that these veterans and their sons are living mainly with the Maoris. Thanks to Sir George Grey at the outset, and Mr. Seddon later, civilisation has not been the death warrant of the Maoris. After a period of decline, due to drink and disease, they are increasing in number, and many of them are useful members of the community. They hold property; they intermarry with whites; indeed, a certain Mrs. Donnelly, of whom the Princess of Wales saw a good deal, is a Maori Princess in her own right, and, if it be not presumptuous to say so, is as complete a lady as may be found in Great Britain.

But the old Adam, the love of fighting for its own sake, is in the Maori blood; and under military discipline, so far as military discipline can be said to prevail in the Colonies, they make splendid troops. Very bitterly disappointed were these strapping fellows that, because of their tinge of colour, they could not be taken to South Africa; and it is more than suspected that some of them found their way there as Europeans. The old Adam, too, showed himself in amusing but innocent fashion when 5000 Maoris gave an exhibition of their national dances and songs before the Prince and Princess at Rotorua, in the very heart of the land of geysers and volcanoes. The dances and the chanting were grand and sonorous; nothing described by Mr. Rider Haggard could have surpassed them. But the preliminaries were intensely amusing. Over and over again I saw a chief come on the ground in garb which would have passed muster on Sunday in a provincial town, save that he had a huia feather (the black and white feather which marks the chief) in the band of his silk hat, and a greenstone merè (a badge of office shaped like a ping-pong racket or a back-hair glass, and often very valuable as an heirloom) in his hand. Gradually the preparations would be too much for his equanimity. The hat would go first, then the coat and waistcoat, and then rapidly, in the place of the fashionably dressed man one had seen, would stand a stalwart Maori, bare-headed, bare-legged, stripped to waist, decorously clothed in a kilt of apteryx feathers and reeds most cunningly made. Sometimes he would have on his civilised trousers under the kilt, when the effect was excruciatingly funny. But the frenzy of the national celebration was on him, and when the hollow earth shook under the tramp of thousands of feet in unison, when the deep breath was expired with a hiss by thousands of warriors at the same moment, when the paddles flashed in the canoe dance, and the deep-throated chant of war or of welcome filled the air, no man could wonder that the pure Maori forgot all besides. Even Mr. Carroll, the native Minister, himself a Maori, was carried away by enthusiasm, stamping his feet and brandishing his merè, and when the Prince and Princess drove away, wearing huia feathers and Maori feather cloaks, the enthusiasm was immense.

I have lingered over these Maoris, partly because it is pleasant, partly because what I have to say about them is better worth reading, or at any rate more easy to read, than anything I could say of the New Zealand polity; but mainly because I desire to say no more than I can help about that polity. Truth to tell, it may

fairly be described as a most difficult and delicate subject. The community is young and democratic beyond the verge of Socialism; but we are all Socialists, more or less, in these days, and our differences of opinion are settled by our views of the just limits of Socialism. Those limits are naturally wider in the case of a community which is new than in one like to our own, which has a long and complicated history. For example, the land system of New Zealand applied in Great Britain would be so flagrantly unjust as to be almost inconceivable; but it does not follow that it may not be properly applicable to a new country. Again, the problem of old-age pensions at the public expense bears a very different complexion in a rich and thinly populated country from that which it must needs have here, where the poor, and the deserving poor too, are infinitely larger in number, proportionately to population, than they are in New Zealand. So, to pass to another point of more considerable importance, compulsory arbitration in labour disputes is not the same thing in an infant community, whose industries are trifling, as in the islands which, competition notwithstanding, still hold a proud place in the markets of the world. In the very nature of things a legislative mistake made in England is always irrevocable. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* must needs be the motto of British legislation, and the list of statutes repealed, not because they had become obsolete, but because they have worked positive mischief, is very short indeed.

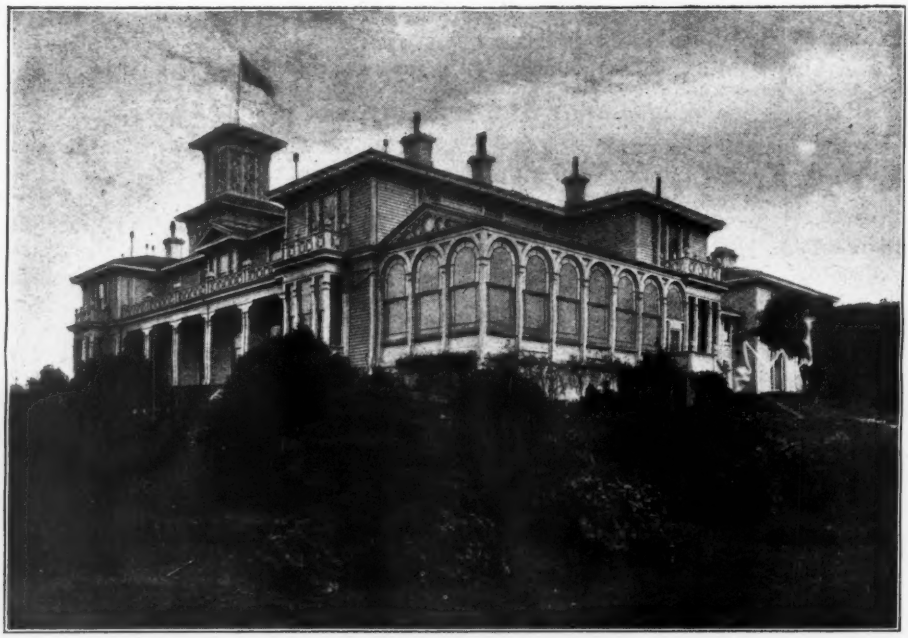
The meaning of these words might readily be illustrated by reference to a burning question, but it is better to explain them by mentioning a statute as to the ill effects of which there is general agreement. The principal Bills of Sale Act was passed with the distinct intention of protecting the helpless borrower against the extortionate money lender. It is, unfortunately, matter of common knowledge that its only effects were vastly to increase the rate of interest payable on money advanced on the security of bills of sale, and to divert a great deal of money into the pockets of lawyers small and great. The rates of interest were raised because the nature of the security was impaired; the lawyers made money because the Act was exceptionally badly drafted. "If Parliament will enact nonsense," said that keen-witted and sharp-tongued Judge, the late Lord Esher, "Judges must decide nonsense." Yet the Bills of Sale Act, modified a little, has continued to work mischief ever since, and it has been as complete a gold mine for the lawyers as the Statute of Frauds itself, having regard to the number of years during which the two statutes have been in force.

Experimental legislation is impossible in Great Britain; it is, therefore, the more necessary that all legislation should be well considered. But the case of New Zealand is, by universal consent, quite different. At any rate, that appears to be the ground upon which good-natured critics of the legislative tendency of New Zealand base their defence of it. If, for example, the Arbitration Act should prove to have worked well enough in prosperous times, but should be found unacceptable to the working class in a period of diminished trade, when wages must go down, Court or no Court, it could come to an end. If it be discovered, as some say that it has been, that the Act has discouraged and alienated capital, again the Act might be repealed. The community is small. The lowest standard of education and intelligence is distinctly higher than our lowest standard; the statesman who came to the conclusion, for good reason, that the Act was working for evil and not for good, would have no difficulty in placing his argument before a people whom he could reach, and they would be able to appreciate its force. The experiment would then be abandoned as an admitted failure.

It must not, however, be inferred that all things go merrily as a marriage-bell in New Zealand, or that the whole community is absolutely contented that New Zealand should be the theatre of political experiment. At best it is a costly process, and the taxation per head is higher in New Zealand than it is here. Complaints and a

feeling of uneasiness for the future are heard by the traveller whenever the politician class is out of the way; and those at home, who keep up correspondence with friends in New Zealand, have doubtless found, as I have found, that this is very emphatically the case. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, intent, as he properly was, to see the bright side of things, observed and commented upon the existence of this feeling of uneasiness at Christ Church; and there one would naturally expect to find something approaching to hereditary Conservatism, for the second "Canterbury Pilgrims" went forth on an avowedly Church of England basis. But I found it elsewhere also strongly manifest, together with a frequent expression of opinion that the good folks at home do not, as a matter of fact, hear the inner truth of political life in New Zealand. Within limits that opinion is undoubtedly correct. Local correspondents of the British Press are necessarily subject to local influences. Special correspondents, who have not much time to spare, naturally make their inquiries first in official quarters and of leading politicians. Too often they neglect to make investigations elsewhere, and the result is a picture in words of New Zealand in which the shadows are omitted.

In quiet conversation with intelligent and cultivated men who, in New Zealand as in Australia, are apt to hold themselves aloof from a political arena from which noise and vulgarity are not absent, I have found a feeling of doubt and distrust. They doubt whether the finances of the colony are sound; they distrust some, if not all of the politicians who administer them. The argument on the first point is too long to be considered fully here. On the one side is the vast and but partially developed wealth of the colony, which, in addition to mineral riches, has an almost ideal climate; on the other side is a public expenditure, partly upon productive enterprise, which is very large in proportion to population.



Government House, Wellington, New Zealand

It is not for me to strike the balance between the two; although I may perhaps permit myself to say that, on the whole, and considering the potentialities of the country, there is not much cause for alarm. But the distrust of politicians themselves is another and a very serious matter. It would be an error in such an article as this to go into details and to mention names; it is enough to say that accusations of jobbery, which are easily made, are rampant, and that the official records of the colony abundantly prove laxity, to put it mildly, in dealing with public money. They prove also that such laxity, when detected and exposed, has been allowed to go unpunished. The discovery of this fact, concerning which there is no room at all for doubt, at first caused me more than considerable uneasiness. But reflection dispelled some of it; and later exchange of opinions with men older and wiser than myself has left me comparatively happy as to the future of New Zealand.

It may be perhaps admissible to illustrate the present meaning by an anecdote. Once, at a large dinner-party, discussion turned upon the question whether Welsh witnesses were or were not more addicted than others to the inconvenient practice of perjury; whereupon one who knew them well explained that Welshmen were not worse than the rest of mankind; "but," he added, "they have not the same exaggerated regard for truth as Englishmen have." The underlying truth of that saying is distinctly applicable to politics. We believe, probably rightly, that our politicians as a body are honest, and a terrible hubbub is raised if there is the faintest suspicion of an approach to corruption in things political. But it is certain that our politicians are more honest than those of any other country, and it is at least equally certain that some other countries, notably the United States, by no means fall behind in the world's race, in spite of the fact that their political atmosphere is very far from purity.

The fact of the matter is, that impurity in the political atmosphere, with its necessary corollary of not entirely undeserved contempt for the class of professional politicians, while it may sometimes be found in ancient communities, is almost always to be found in those which are young. It is existent in the United States, in Australia, in New Zealand, but not, so far as I know, in Canada. But Canada may almost boast ancient history. It is due to the non-existence in such states of the class of men who set the standard of political life in Great Britain. They are the priceless heritage of ages of national life, men serenely above temptation or suspicion. It would be impossible to think of any but the best motives (curiously expressed sometimes, it may be) in connection with a Salisbury, a Rosebery, a Balfour, a Harcourt, a Gladstone—one might go on for ever. But such a class must necessarily be the product of time. In the meanwhile it is consoling to remember that the rough school and distinctly less pure atmosphere of the politics of young communities is by no means inseparable from the prosperity of the mass of the people, and certainly in no way hostile to the presence of ardent patriotism.

Ardently patriotic all the Colonies are; careful also that the rising generation, for the education of which better measures are taken than have been found possible here hitherto, shall be trained in the patriotic spirit. Herein, in the care given to education, lies the best guarantee of the future of the Colonies and of the Empire. This is, perhaps, the most opportune moment at which to say that, amongst all the sights which moved the heart of an Englishman throughout Australasia, there was none so striking as that of the happy, healthy, well-educated and well-dressed children, boys and girls, of the "public schools." In this respect, at least, the Colonies are well ahead of the Mother Country; and their cadet system, by which all the boys of the public schools are trained to discipline and to the handling of arms, is of treble value. First, it improves the physique of the lads, it keeps them out of mischief, it teaches them to obey. Also it deserves to be taken into

account by all those who are prone to say that the contributions of the Colonies towards Imperial Defence are not commensurate to the privilege which they gain, by membership of the British Empire, of commerce absolutely protected. At any rate, they train their sons to be good men of their hands, and a virile force in reserve, and those sons have given abundant proof of late that they are not chary in shedding their blood.

South Africa

Very few indeed shall be the words devoted to this subject, since it is very much in the position of a *cause célèbre* in course of trial before a judge and jury, comment upon which is very rightly regarded as contempt of court. It is true, of course, that there is no judge who could direct the commit al of the editor or of me for comment upon the present state of South Africa. But there is such a thing as p oper feeling; and that feeling suggests that, in the absence of special knowledge and information, it would not be the right thing to write at large about the present state of affairs in South Africa. As to the past there need not be, and there has been no hesitation in speaking, because there is no fear of hurting the feelings of living men, or of wounding the sensibilities of those who cherish the memory of statesmen who have passed aw:y. It is admitted on all hands that the war now happily over, whether "just and necessary" (to quote Sir William Molesworth's touchstone) or no, was the direct consequence of such vacillation in the past as would be incredible and inconceivable if it were not matter of history. It was the long-delayed fruit of "government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant." It would never have come to pass if, to single out two advisers on the spot only, dashing Sir Harry Smith and resolute, far-seeing Sir Bartle Frere had received the attention which they deserved. For the future it is at least permissible to hope and even to be confident. There could be no surer sign of the doom of the bad old policy of the Colonial Office than Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa; there could be no more distinct expression of the feeling of the British public at home and in the Empire beyond the seas, than was given in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's recent speech. The bad old times, the days of vacillation and opportunism, are gone, never to return. Nobody accuses the principal vacillators, living or dead, and to be found on both sides of politics (it may have been forgotten that Sir Michael Hicks Beach was a stumbling-block to Bartle Frere), of want of *bona fides*. Everybody admits errors in the past, blunders which did much to justify our late enemies, now our fellow-subjects. But no sane man suggests that we can take our hands from the plough now without incurring, and deserving most richly, the Scriptural curse. Any such suggestion, made by a responsible person, would raise an indignant protest from end to end of the Empire, let us say from Vancouver to Dunedin, or from Dunedin to Vancouver, taking the longer route in both cases. The cry of indignation would be flashed round the world as fast, perhaps, as Sir Sandford Fleming's famous cablegram of this autumn, on an exclusively British series of cables; and in that case the disgrace of Great Britain would be known in all the centres of British civilisation inside eleven hours. But it is not necessary to contemplate such a prospect; it is impossible, inconceivable, before the day upon which it could be written of the British Empire, as it was of the great Empire of Rome, *Actum est.*

Yet, in a literal sense, we shall take our hands from the plough in South Africa; for, to continue the metaphor, we have ploughed the ground. It remains to harrow it, to seed it with equal laws, to tend the crop with wise administration, and to harvest it year by year; and the husbandman who has been chosen to superintend the process is a master of his craft. Lord Milner is, all who know him protest it, and his public history proves it, a man in a thousand. Brilliant in ability, resolute of purpose, liberal in opinion, tolerant and considerate in habit of thought and in

manner, he is exactly the man for a situation confessedly difficult. There need be no doubt that he will win through, because he will apply to all South Africa, as soon as South Africa is fit for the process, the undying principles of the British Constitution. Those principles are equal laws, and, so far as may be, equal opportunities, for all men. Will it be a long time or a short before the Dutch in South Africa unite in perceiving, as some of them do now, the definite advantages of British citizenship as compared with those which any other nation can offer? That is more than man may foretell with certainty; but the glorious history of Canada is an object lesson of what British administration can do to reconcile warring elements; and it is a lesson full of hope.

(Wilson, photo, Aberdeen)

Government House, Pietermaritzburg, Natal

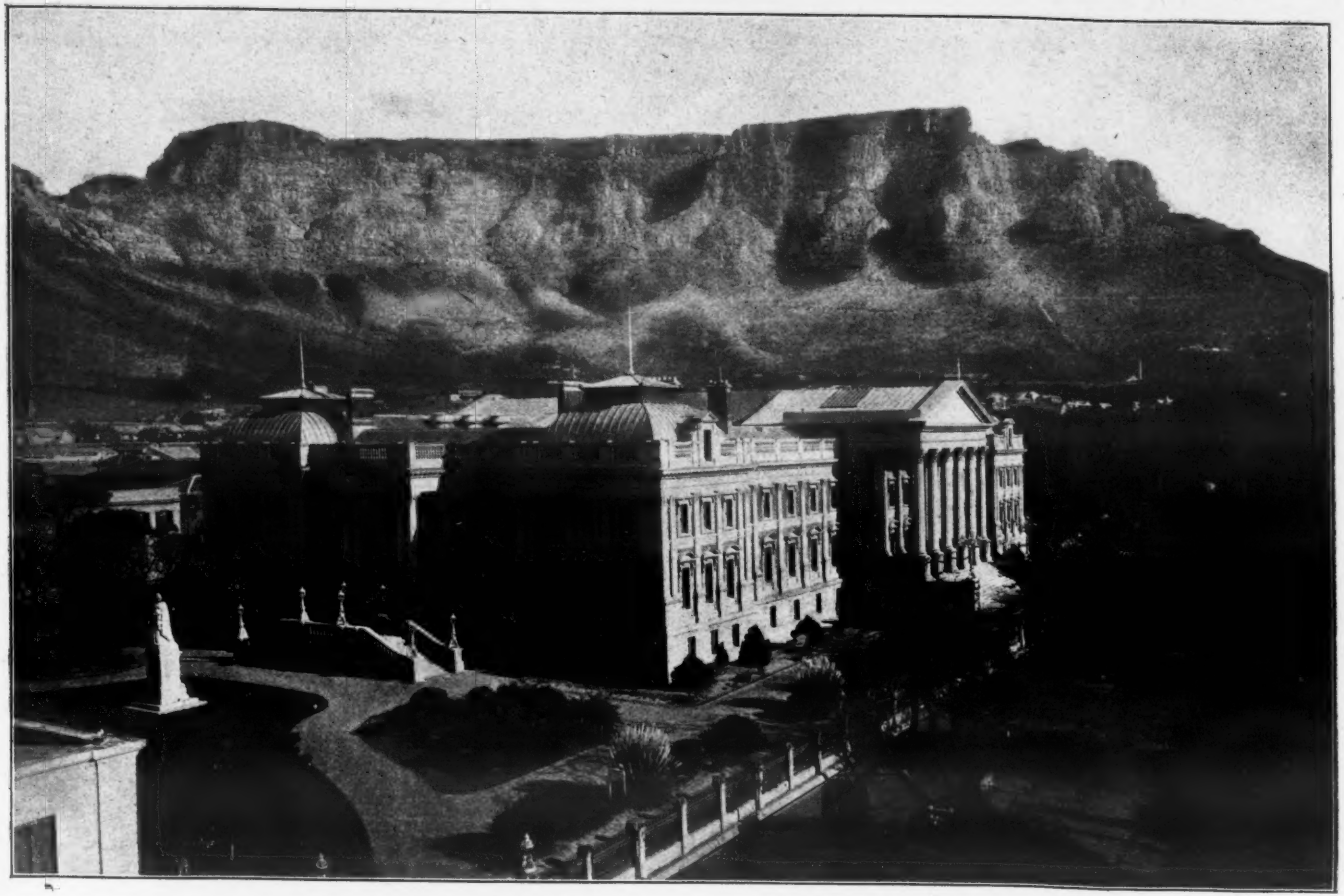
Canada

This, the last territorial division of a subject which is great, however unworthy the treatment of it, cannot be attacked without a few figures. Canada contained in 1891 921,643 families of an average size of 5.3 members—a point of view which is worth considering when some facts about Australia are borne in mind; and those families were divided into 2,460,471 males and 2,372,768 females. It has, of course, a larger population now, but the latest record at hand, issued by the Statistics Division of the Department of Agriculture in 1901, will serve quite well for the present purpose. Canada contained, according to that return, and no doubt still contains, 3,653,946 square miles, including 605,235 square miles of water. Seeing that

Canada's potential wealth is incalculable, it is obvious that, like South Africa, it needs more women; that, like Australia, it needs a great many more men; and that those who try their fortune there have every chance of doing well for themselves. So far as I am able to form a judgment, no part of the Empire offers so grand an opportunity to the man of thews and sinews, with or without capital, or to the man of brains. Indeed, before getting to my main subject, the value of Canada as a part of the Empire, it may be well to give a single example of the openings which Canada offers to this undoubtedly congested country.

The scene was a wayside station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a little island of human habitation called Poplar End, in the middle of the wheat-growing prairie. The Duke of Cornwall was away shooting ducks—a grand bag he made, by the way, during this brief holiday from ceremony—but the Duchess, and divers members of the suite, stopped for an hour or two, by arrangement, to see something of the methods of Canadian agriculture. With them it is not to the present purpose to be deeply concerned. In some respects they contain lessons to the British farmer, but not in all, for Canadian treatment of straw in the process of threshing, albeit not wasteful in Canada, would spell ruin at once for the British farmer. It was the human element in the scene which gave to it a special interest. The farmer had been an elementary schoolmaster in the Isle of Wight, with a growing family of boys. He had taken fortune in his own hands, and had settled in Manitoba with his family, with a nest-egg of £500. He had taken up a small section first, sending his boys out to work with, and to learn their trade of, neighbouring farmers. In the course of eleven years he had worked hard, had taken up more and more land as the law permitted, had built a good house and buildings for his horses, and he was worth, at a moderate computation, £5000. Finally, both he and his sons looked as healthy, although somewhat lean, and as happy, as it was possible for men to be; and he confessed that the fascination of the prairie was on him, and that, though he would well like to see England again, he would not care to be away from the prairie for good.

That is one kind of opening that Canada can offer; but it is only one out of many. To engineer, civil or mining, architect, doctor, mechanic, labourer, miner—in a word, to every productive or necessary member of the human race—she offers countless and boundless opportunities. But the example has been selected not without an indirect reason, because it brings in the Canadian Pacific Railway. It will have been noticed that, in speaking of Australia, it has been almost suggested that Federation is not, as yet at any rate, a complete, unquestioned, and indisputable success. The reason is that Australians as a rule know their own states in Australia, but do not know the other states; and the explanation of that is want of adequate communications. For example, the West Australian who would fain know Queensland must take ship either from Fremantle or Albany, and round the Leeuwin, the home of storms. Then he can either land at Melbourne and take a very long railway journey, or at Sydney and take a shorter one, or go right on to the port near Brisbane. But at present he cannot escape from his own state by rail, and the land journey by other means is impossible save for an expert explorer. In Canada the case is different, for communications are infinitely better; and I do not think it is putting things too strongly to say that the complete and absolute success of Federation in Canada is due mainly to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that in its turn is due principally to that grand and courageous Scotchman, Lord Strathcona. The Canadian Pacific Railway, the C.P.R. as it is familiarly called, has been the making of Canada and of Canadian unity. There is no desire to undervalue the work done by the other railways, but in the blessed work of unification the C.P.R. stands head and shoulders and more above all the rest; for it is, as Sir Donald Wallace has well said, "one of the greatest railway enterprises in the world."



Parliament House and Table Mountain, Cape Town

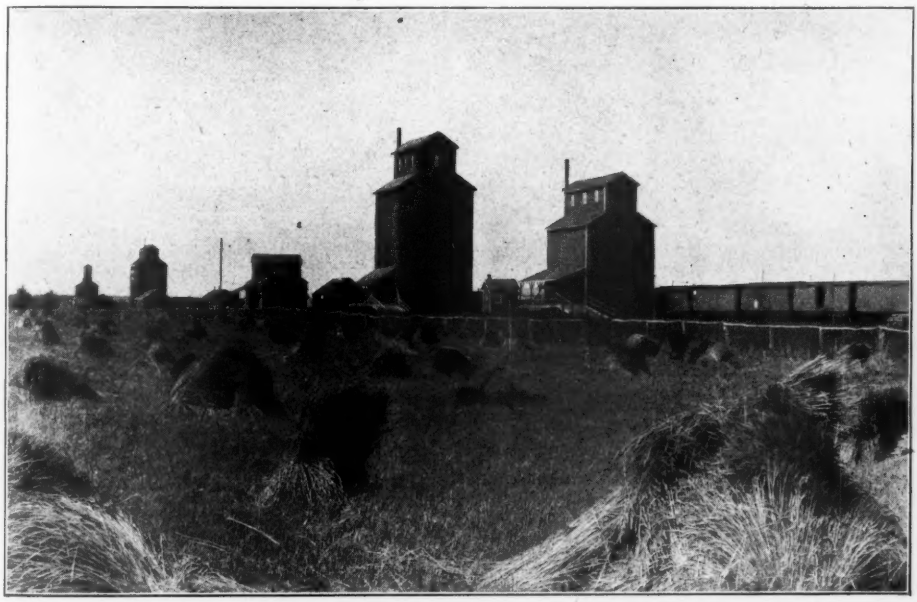
It has served to unite the world's two largest oceans, or, to speak equally accurately and more pointedly, to weld together the peoples who inhabit, all too sparsely, the huge tracts of land between those two oceans.

There are not wanting those who complain that the founders of the C.P.R. made too good a bargain with the Canadian Government of the day, and it is true that the founders of the C.P.R. are now men of great wealth, that the blocks of land assigned to the railway have appreciated enormously in value, that the stock usually stands at a figure which appears ridiculous to operators accustomed to regard the ordinary stock of American railways as no better than gambling counters of changeable value. By those who make such complaint blame is cast, not on the founders of the railway, for that would be too unreasonable a view even for a critic in the public press, but upon the Government of the day. These persons may be recommended to study the recent "Life of Lord Strathcona," which, imperfect as it is (for it was obviously written against his wishes), gives a dramatic and almost pathetic picture of the desperate straits to which Lord Strathcona and his associates were driven to obtain money to complete the enterprise, of the courageous confidence in the future of the scheme which impelled Lord Strathcona to pledge his personal credit and use every exertion to obtain the sinews of war. He was playing

(Park & Co., photo, Brantford, Canada)

Sir W. Laurier, Dominion Premier

for a big stake, and those who know him are well aware that it was not a stake in money alone. In the case of the Canadian Pacific, as in his earlier negotiations with the directors of the Hudson Bay Company in London, and in connection with the Riel Rebellion, Lord Strathcona had always steadfastly in view the welfare of his adopted country. Judged by results, he is emphatically the greatest man, living or dead, in Canadian history; and he has earned his reward honestly. It would be a poor generation in point of spirit that should grudge it to him.



Canadian Harvest-field, showing Elevators

Nor, really, can the bargain between the railway owners and the State be regarded as unfair from any point of view. Vast areas of the land through which it passes possessed, before it was constructed, no value at all, or, to quote an old-time phrase of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, only prairie value, which was much the same thing. The blocks belonging to the C.P.R. have gone up hugely in value, but it is value created by the C.P.R. On the other hand, the State has obtained, in return for land which was worth nothing, and for a comparatively small sum of money, an estate already worth a great deal, and sure to be worth more and more as years roll by. Also it has a main artery up and down which the life-blood of Canadian unity courses without ceasing. That process the eye cannot see, but the imagination can picture it without difficulty. But the eye can see, particularly in the wheat-plains, a sight which speaks for itself to any intelligent mind, compelling realisation of the plain truth that Canada is capable of becoming the granary of the Empire, compelling also the fear that it will soon be quite idle for the British farmer to hope to grow wheat at a profit.

Through the very heart of the boundless plain, like a mighty river, runs the railway. I passed along it myself between miles and miles of stubble, and corn standing on the stooks, with here a wheat-grower's homestead in view, and there threshing operations going on in close proximity to the rails. Of elevators, of all the machinery for economical loading, there was

abundant equipment; and now and again would come into sight a line of rails entering the main line from north or south, as the case might be. The main river had its tributary streams, all carefully contrived to feed it, and to bring to it that burden of golden corn which it would carry away to the ships of either ocean. The sight was stupendous, imposing, and, except from the point of view of British agriculture, gratifying in the highest degree.

The C.P.R. and the other railways have, in a word, completed the work carried out gradually by the legislation which followed upon Lord Durham's Report; after its author, suffering almost the usual fate of those who have served us faithfully and strongly in the Colonies, had died broken-hearted and disgraced. That calamity happened in 1840. In 1841, the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had their first united Government under a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly consisting of 124 members, 42 for each province elected by the people, and 20 for each province nominated by the Crown. In 1848, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, still separate from Canada, obtained responsible governments from the Imperial Parliament. In 1851, the Provincial Governments obtained control of their own postal arrangements, and responsible government was granted to Prince Edward Island. In 1856, the Legislative Council of Canada became elective, and the Legislature of Vancouver met for the first time. In 1858, Ottawa was made the capital; and in 1860, the present king, then Prince of Wales, gave a fillip to Canadian loyalty by his historic visit to Canada. He arrived just when things were beginning to move ahead fast. In 1862, with the Charlotte-town Conference, the movement towards the confederation of British North America began to take open form; and in 1864, at Quebec, resolutions for confederation were passed. Two years later Nova Scotia and New Brunswick accepted confederation; and in 1867, by the British North American Act, the Dominion of Canada was established, Upper and Lower Canada becoming Ontario and Quebec respectively. In the same year, Lord Monck being the first Governor-General of the Dominion, and Sir John Macdonald the first Premier, the first of the Dominion Parliaments was held at Ottawa. In 1868 the North-West Territories were acquired. In 1871, British Columbia was admitted to Federation. In 1872, the Dominion welcomed a great Governor-General in Lord Dufferin; and in 1880, by Imperial Order in Council, all British possessions on the North American Continent, except Newfoundland, were annexed to Canada. Thus was Canada, as we now know it, rounded off and made complete.

What manner of people are these Canadians, and what is the nature of their feeling towards the British Throne and the Mother Country? They are British Canadians and French Canadians, both loyal, but each loyal in different ways; and since nothing is to be gained, save the ridicule of those who know, by overstating a case, let it be said at once that the loyalty of the British Canadian is passionate, while that of the French Canadian is, so far as I have been able to ascertain, distinctly dispassionate. There are exceptions of course, notably that of the silver-tongued orator Sir Wilfred Laurier, who is a Canadian patriot first and a Frenchman afterwards. But, delicate as is the question of the quality of the loyalty of the average French Canadian, it must be discussed in the interests of truth; and the conclusion reached, after investigation and inquiry, is, that it is loyalty without passion, or overmuch affection, founded upon nothing more sentimental than enlightened self-interest. It may be none the less valuable and lasting for that reason, although it may not be so attractive as that of the British Canadian; and it is necessary to speak candidly in this connection, because, prudently perhaps, a good deal that happened in Canada touching the recruiting of French Canadians for the South African War was kept back from the knowledge of the public at home.

The Archbishop of Quebec, representing adequately, no doubt, the feelings of the

Parliament House, Ottawa

better class French Canadians, said to his Royal Highness last year: "It would be difficult at the present time to contest the loyalty of the French Canadian people. Recent events have offered our fellow-countrymen an opportunity of proving it. The dangers that have been faced, the blood that has been shed, and the lives that have been sacrificed, are proofs more eloquent than words, and their sincerity cannot be questioned." Unfortunately, in spite of what the French Canadians did for us during the war, and of those services of their forefathers to which the Prince of Wales paid an appropriate tribute, these words of the Archbishop must be questioned a little. There is no sort of use in living in a fool's paradise, especially when a paradise sufficient for a wise man is in easy access. It is true that some French Canadians fought for us in South Africa, and that some of the best blood of Quebec was shed for our sake; but much more of the best blood of Ontario was poured out, and there is no longer any need to conceal the fact, notorious in Canada, that recruiting among the French Canadians was difficult, and that it was attended by some disorder and petty violence shown by low-class French Canadian crowds towards the volunteers. That may not argue disloyalty; it may mean no more than ignorant prejudice in favour of the Boers, or against the British, among the low-class French Canadians; but it certainly does not argue that passionate loyalty which made British Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders rally to the cause of the Mother Country eagerly, in great numbers, and without question. To put French Canadian loyalty upon an equality with the British Canadian feeling is an injustice which is bitterly resented by British Canadians, who know the truth.

The real explanation of French Canadian loyalty in Canada is, in my opinion, and in the opinions of others whom I consulted, to be found in enlightened self-interest and in the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, which enjoys a stronger position and more privileges in Canada than in any other country that I know. But, lest there should be an error on that point, be it sufficient to say that the Roman Catholic Church is better off in Canada, under Canadian rule and ours, than it possibly could be under that of France or of the United States. Now in Canada they have a religious census, and that showed the Roman Catholics to be in 1891 no less than 41.21 per cent. of the entire population, or 1,992,017 souls. The Roman Catholic Church, then, has a great stake in Canada, and it would certainly lose a large part of it, from a worldly point of view, if Canada passed under the control of any other power than Great Britain. It is therefore clearly to the interest of the Roman Catholic Church to maintain the British supremacy in Canada, and it may well do so by demonstrating the proposition that the people, no less than the Church, are better off in the British Empire than they could be in any other circumstances. The proposition has the merit of being not only true, but also self-evident and unanswerable. There is no real and absolute freedom save under the British Flag, least of all in Republican France.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

Looking back, then, on that which has been written, reflecting upon much more that might have been written, gazing at the vast area of the dry land of the globe which is coloured red upon the maps, the first feeling of a British citizen is rightly one of pride. Upon it follows a quiet curiosity to learn how these things have been done, to understand the secret of such success in colonising enterprise as the world's history has never seen save in this one case. Yet the secret is not hard to read. Even in the worst days of government by the Colonial Office three abiding principles have guided the action of the British officers, military and civil, who have made the Empire for us; have made it, sometimes, in face of positive discouragement from headquarters. They are the principles of Tolerance, Firmness, and Fairness; and of the three none is

more or less important than another. Alike in India, in the Malay Peninsula, in Maori-land, in Ceylon, in Canada and elsewhere, a race, composed for the most part of Protestant Christians, has shown a remarkable toleration and respect for the *bona fide* religious feelings of other races. That has been, perhaps, because the most terrible periods of our domestic history compelled us to recognise, earlier than other races, the endless potentiality of intolerance for mischief. Natives of a land where the Courts recognise well-established custom as equal in force to law itself, our officers have found it more easy to recognise custom than have the officers of countries in which the law is entirely codified. That, undoubtedly, has been of the greatest assistance to us in India, where custom rules the lives of the people. A Frenchman who should be an Indian Civil servant, if France had an Indian Empire, would have been brought up to the unelastic rigidity of the Napoleonic Code. The British Civil servant has grown up in an atmosphere of custom, and he has learned in his English law books, before going out to India, that "as a custom is local law, it cannot be got rid of except by statute." That training and this knowledge are of priceless value to the man who starts upon the work of administration in a new country.

Next in order come Fairness and Firmness. A real Prince of Commerce, one who, in the course of a long life as an employer of labour, had won a vast fortune and the respect of his workmen and fellow-employers alike, once told me that these words had been the guiding principles of his life. They have, on the whole, been the guiding principles also of the servants of the Crown in India and the Colonies. Equal justice for all men, white and coloured, applied with unswerving strength, have always been to be reckoned upon in the British Empire. Sometimes, indeed, firmness on the spot has been resented and misunderstood by the authorities at home; and in our desire to be perfectly fair to natives we have, as a nation, been cruelly unjust to faithful servants of the Crown. Ghosts rise up in great numbers from the pages of Indian and Colonial history to accuse us of that ingratitude, foremost among them being those of Warren Hastings, Impey, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere. But of systematic oppression of natives by British officers the instances are few, and of such oppression, detected and unpunished, there is no record. On the contrary, of men of British birth who have suffered, not unjustly be it hoped, the extreme penalty of the law for ill-treatment of natives, the list is very long. Natives, therefore, have nothing to fear from us; they soon learn that they have much to gain. In the Colonies peopled mainly or partly by men and women of our own blood we have, ever since the dreadful lesson of the American War of Independence, been prompt and ready in granting, as soon as circumstances warranted, the inestimable blessings of free institutions and representative government. Nay, more, in the case of New Zealand, for example, we have been content to look on with quiet confidence while Democracy has gone to greater lengths than we have much more than dreamed of. Yet nowhere was the Heir Apparent to the Throne which has been well described as "the symbol of ordered liberty" received better than in New Zealand. Ordered liberty, with the Crown for its symbol—that is a perfect summary of the meaning of the British Empire, a complete explanation of its greatness. May that greatness continue; and may those who participate in it also be worthy of it!

One word more and I have done. Some thoughtful persons looked forward with an approach to anxiety to the conference between Colonial Ministers and Mr. Chamberlain which was announced for the days following upon the proposed date of the Coronation. Their uneasiness was pardonable because they did not know, as others did, the course which discussion was likely to take, and they feared that they might see some formal scheme for the Federation of the Empire which would not work well.

In fact, until considerably greater progress than at present has been made towards the annihilation of distance, formal Federation is impossible and impracticable. Even then the distribution of power would be a matter of considerable difficulty, to say the least of it. Nor, probably, is definite Federation and a formal Imperial Constitution a thing to be desired. But it was plain from Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's book, written after he had met intimately all the leading statesmen of the Colonies, and from a well-considered article in the *Quarterly Review*, that there was no such danger; and it became plainer still when it was seen that the Conference merely amounted to an informal exchange of views from which that estimable person, the newspaper reporter, was excluded. Interchange of views could never do any harm, might often do good. Formal Federation, in the present state of communications at any rate, could hardly fail to work mischief and to create inter-colonial jealousies. Our present Union with the Colonies, like the world before creation, is without form; but it is by no means void. It has, indeed, in these latter years produced fruit at which the universe has marvelled. Let us leave the rest to Time, and, be it added in all humility, to God.

Australian Lake Scenery

"Songs of the Empire" Competition

Award of Prizes

THE result of the second of the GOOD WORDS Imperial Competitions is given below. The prize-money of £75 in cash this time was to be given, as announced in our issue of July last, for the best "Songs of the Empire" received at the office of GOOD WORDS by October 15, 1902. It was explained that it was desired that the Songs should be "the utterance and embodiment of the spirit of the Empire." The competition was open to all subjects of his Majesty King Edward VII.

In all, 321 Songs were received in competition, of which 191 came from within the British Isles. The parts of the Empire represented among the others included all the Australian States, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, India, Ceylon, Cape Colony, Natal, Jamaica, Bermuda, Mauritius, Trinidad, Bahamas, the Leeward Isles, the Straits Settlements, and the Federated Malay States. Songs were also received from British subjects in the United States, France, Italy, and Switzerland. It was, therefore, in the fullest sense an Imperial Competition. The judging has been as carefully conducted as in the former Coronation Ode Competition, and the judges have had an even more perplexing task, as their award shows. So many Songs were of such equal merit that, even if an agreement as to the exact order of the first three or four could have been arrived at, an obvious injustice would have been done if the prizes had been awarded in the lump to any three. After much consideration it was decided to take the five Songs which were adjudged the best, and divide the first prize equally among them, thus giving to each £10; the second prize was divided between the next two, thus giving to each £7 10s.; the third prize was similarly divided between the next two, giving to each £5. We believe that the readers of the Songs will agree with the justice of this award. The difference in quality between any two of the first nine Songs is so slight that while there may be individual preferences, there is no such distinction to be made as would have justified the awarding of £50 to any one and nothing to any other.

The prizes, then, have been awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE.—Each of the following receives £10:

M. E. J. PITT,
Mathinna, Tasmania.

E. M. MCCULLOCH,
The Age Office,
Melbourne, N.S.W.

HAROLD BEGBIE,
Sandown House,
Weybridge.

HUMPHREY B. WATKINS,
Keble College, Oxford.

BESSIE GRAY,
Sir S. BROWNLOW GRAY,
Chief Justice, Bermuda.

SECOND PRIZE.—Each of the following receives £7 10s.:

L. MACLEAN WATT,
Alloa, Scotland.

VICTOR COOK,
Brighton Herald,
Brighton, Sussex.

THIRD PRIZE.—Each of the following receives £5:

WILL H. OGILVIE,
Holefield, Kelso,
Scotland.

MAY CONSTANCE STONEY,
Oakfield Park, Raphoe,
Co. Donegal, Ireland.

Thus it will be seen that three prizes go to England, two to Scotland, two to Australia, one to Bermuda, and one to Ireland.

In the following pages the winning Songs are published together with a number of others representative of various Colonies and parts of the Empire.

In the article which follows this, and precedes the poems themselves, will be found quotations from some 30 more Songs —which we trust the authors will regard as being in the nature of an " honourable mention."

Our Third Imperial Competition

THE two first Imperial Competitions have both been for the benefit of the poets of the Empire. We now appeal to the writers of fiction, whether they are already recognised as such, or whether they have not yet tried their powers.

Inasmuch as there have been received many complaints that " the time is too short " (and it must be remembered that there are parts of the Empire so distant that it takes practically three whole months for a letter to go to them and an answer to return to London), we propose in this competition to give longer time.

Also we propose to increase the prize-money to £100. This will be divided into one prize of £50 ; one prize of £25 ; one prize of £10 ; and three prizes of £5 each. Under no circumstances will the first prize be divided ; the £50 will be paid to somebody in a lump. The other prizes may be divided according to the discretion of the judges among two or more competitors. The copyright of all stories sent in will become the property of GOOD WORDS.

On this understanding we invite competition from British subjects all over the world for the above prizes for the best

Short Stories of the Empire

By this we mean that the story must illustrate and be typical of the Empire or some part of the Empire. It may be illustrative of the peculiar qualities (as each writer may understand them) of the British national character, or of the character of the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Australian, Canadian, East or West Indian, or of any other section of the subjects of his Majesty King Edward VII., or it may illustrate the particular virtues, excellences or social conditions of any particular colony or part of the Empire.

Each story must be accompanied by at least one photograph or drawing (accompanied by a written assignment of copyright or permission to use for publication as we see fit), which can be used for illustration, either as it stands or by serving as the basis for an artist's drawing.

A story must not exceed 3500 words in length.

Each story must be signed with a pseudonym only ; the real name and address of the writer being enclosed in a sealed envelope.

All stories must reach the office of GOOD WORDS in London not later than the 30th day of August 1903, addressed " Empire Story, *c/o* GOOD WORDS, 15 Tavistock Street, London, W.C."

The award of prizes will be announced, and the winning stories, with such others as may be selected, will be published in the Christmas Number of GOOD WORDS, which will be issued about November 25, 1903. One guinea will be paid for each of the stories selected for publication in addition to the prize-winners.

The "Songs of the Empire" Competition

THE task which the Publishers of GOOD WORDS have, in apparent light-heartedness, assigned to me, I believe to be impossible. It was my fortune to read over one thousand of the GOOD WORDS Coronation Odes six months ago. I have now read three hundred Songs of Empire; and I honestly believe it to have been the most remarkable literary experience of my life. But I do not believe it to be possible to give any "summary" or idea of the substance of three hundred poems in any article of a few thousand words in length.

The disposition at first is to wonder, not without irritation, how some of the authors could ever hope that their "poems" could win the favour of the judges. This "song" that I pick up, post-marked from central Madras, is evidently written by a Babu; and this, from New Zealand, by a Maori. The latter cannot spell. The former confesses, in an accompanying letter, that he is "imperfectly educate in English language." One is likely also, at first, to be annoyed by the constant repetition of the same ideas—the glorification of "the flag," the boast of the "world-wide stretch" of the Empire, the exuberant loyalty to the Throne. But gradually the annoyance vanishes; for it is borne in on the reader that these things are all *true*. They are real. The Maori is as proud of his British birthright (think of it!) as you or I. The Babu who sings, "I never have seen Home, but, God, I love it!" means what he says.

> A stream of loyalty that naught can stem
> Rushes within these figures swarthy, bold
> In face of danger.*

I reach out to the great heap of "Colonial" songs lying before me and pick up five at random. They are post-marked "Nassau, Bahamas;" "Trinidad;" "Hamilton, Bermuda;" "Booroopki, Victoria;" and "Kaikoura, N.Z." Looking at the heap, I see that the three nearest envelopes to me bear respectively (1) two orange 3-anna Indian stamps, (2) a blue 5-cent and a green 1-cent Canadian, and (3) a string of four scarlet and black one-penny Jamaicans, which cover about one-half the envelope. Somewhere buried in that pile, I know, is almost every stamp, up to the value of a shilling, of each Australian State, almost every Canadian and Indian, besides those of the Cape, Natal, Trinidad, Mauritius, Bahamas, Leeward Isles, Federated Malay States, and an endless variety of non-British stamps from expatriated Britons in various countries of Europe and the United States.

Somewhere, in all corners of the world, are those who write these songs—the men and women, young and old, light-skinned and dark. Half of the number are at this moment presumably in bed; some sit at breakfast, some are dining. If imagination could only conjure up the scenes on which their eyes will look to-morrow—the great sweep of Australian sheep-farms; the Canadian wheat-land, now hard-frozen and snow-covered, sparkling white in the winter sun; the cane and banana of Jamaica; the snow peaks of the Himalayas and the blue waters of Puget Sound; the "cedar" and palmetto on the coral-rock slopes of Bermuda; the crowded Indian bazaar and the almost incredible beauty of the thick-foliaged hill-sides of Ceylon. But open any of the letters at random, and there is not one which does not show that, no matter how lovely the writer's surroundings, his eyes are turned to and his heart is yearning for "Home:" "England, *dear* old England"—the italics are not mine, but the New Zealand writer's; the "Mother-land that we her sons live hoping to be worthy of," from West Australia; "beloved island in the far North Seas we all call Home,"

* Rev. P. H. Kirkham, St. Luke's, S.P.G., Toungo, Burma. Song 88.)

sings Southern India. Here is a song from Bermuda, and in Bermuda at this time of year there are blossoms on the oleander, the bougainvillæa hangs in purple masses on the walls, and the very waysides glow orange and golden with the so-called "sage-brush," which is none other than the *lantana* which we cultivate so carefully at home : *

But I would give such blooms as these
Thrice o'er to seek again
Wet violets and primroses
Hid in an English lane.

And I am fain of heart to catch
The salt spray on my lips,
And through the Channel fog to watch
Slip by the spectral ships.

And here calls a voice from Jamaica : †

Where, robed in royal crimson, the poincianias bloom,
While breezes o'er the pasture waft the delicate perfume,
A dark-skinned Beauty lingers, and to the winds that roam
Amid the groves of orange, she sings of her English Home.

And so it is from all round the world : ‡

In all those distant lands where homes are made,
Homes with familiar names, remembering you,
We face the North, when on our knees we fall
And look towards the shrine enveiled in spray.

This love of England, "wrapped in the grey sea-fog" though she is, "the grey-clad figure with the fearless gaze" is so constant a note, so dominating and so evidently earnest, that the cumulative effect of it on the reader is inexpressively impressive and inexpressibly beautiful.

And next to the love of her is the pride in her, pride in the name of "Britain," pride in the flag : *

We have our Heritage, the Lordship of the seas,
The "Jack" is dancing saucily on every vagrant breeze,
In forest, steppe, and prairie, where human foot has been,
Our language has been spoken—that gallant flag is seen !

The flag, however, which is the symbol of something more than dominion and mere power : †

Flag that should make us humble, flag that should curb our pride,
May the Lord's mercy guard it, may the Lord's blessing guide,
Till the flag of a war-worn people, in the day that wars shall cease,
Shall float at last serenely, flag of a World at Peace.

Though it is, of course, the might of the Empire, the military glory of Britain and her strength, that appeal most immediately to the majority of the poets, and the Song of the Empire is most commonly a battle song : ‡

This is the Song of England—
Fearless flutter of scarlet and blue, bravely aloft to the four winds flying ;
Tramp of armaments, crash of armadas, fields that are crowned with a fame undying ;
Wild war-angels trumpeting wild and far over land and wave,
Bruit of battle and shout of victory, deathless dream of the chosen brave—
Such is the Song of England !

Or again, in the same strain : §

Seeing Empire, like a Titan, rise
Sword-girt, full-panoplied,
Crowns within her crown,
Overlordship, fold in fold.

* Signed "Clermont." No name given. (Song 175.)

† Tom Redcam, *Jamaica Times*, Kingston, Jamaica. (Song 171.)

‡ Miss G. Munro, 18 Victoria Grove, Southsea. (Song 26.)

* F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay. (Song 46.)

† Rev. John P. Wright, Oldbury Rectory, Bridgnorth. (Song 64.)

‡ Cecily Fox Smith, Ainsworth House, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancs. (Song 11.)

§ Charles St. Clair Anderson, *Muhammadan* Office, Triplicano, Madras. (Song 222.)

And naturally from this point of vantage the poets' eyes turn backwards to the past, to Britain's history and beyond. There is, indeed, a distinct and frequent tendency to chaff Cæsar, as it were, for the inadequacy of his dominion as compared with that of King Edward VII., and Alexander the Great gets not a little twitted on the same account. The survey of Britain's small beginnings— he days of "the Angle, Jute and Dane"—not seldom produces picturesque splashes of colour, as witness this "Song of the Norsemen:" *

Ahoi! Juch hey Saa.
From the white sea-foam,
From the storm's raving,
From the bold sea-king's home
Come I, the Viking!
Over the swan's bath clear
No quarter seeking,
From the North, bleak and drear,
Come I, the Viking!

Ahoi! Ahoi!
Ravage and plunder
Over the Seas, we bring
Thor and his thunder.
Wield ye the magic blade,
Hew with the brand,
Scatter destruction
Over the land!

The tendency (it is common, I think, to all poets and not peculiar to them) to depreciate the present in comparison with the past is perhaps a necessary consequence of the contemplation of so much glory as has gone to the making of English history. We of the later days have undoubtedly made mistakes, and have something to our discredit; but we may reasonably hesitate to believe that morals, either political or social, were much better in the days of the Druids. The British Empire, let it be remembered, has been built up between the days of Wolfe and Kitchener. It is with no desire to disparage King Alfred or to belittle the glory of Crecy and Poictiers that we venture to remind our poets that, after all, the Empire is the handiwork of the last two generations of Englishmen. It is we ourselves, our fathers and our grandfathers, that have really laid the "White Man's Burden" upon the English race.*

Back in the deeps of time your fathers kept
their rude, barbaric state—
Bold, vivid men and valorous, men who
measured swords with fate,
Men who held their lives at pawn,
The men who in that dim dawn
Valued men at freedom's rate.

* * * *

For ye cannot build the future on the glory
of to-day,
But your men are lasting riches that no
storm can beat away.
Build ye men as well as states,
And the glory that awaits
Shall eclipse this dawn of day.

Let us by all means recognise how much we owe to the stock from which we spring; but surely it is uncalled-for humility to unload, to our own impoverishment, on the Black Prince, or even on Raleigh and Drake, the credit for the dreams and ideals which constitute the spirit of the Empire to-day, which are dreams that they could not have dreamed and ideals that were beyond their understanding. And it is not a little comforting to find that, in spite of a certain tendency to hold up Boadicea to our despairing emulation, the majority of the poets seem reasonably satisfied with the achievements of the great men of our own days. Thus: †

You cherish your past, O England!
And honour its deeds of gold;
But your sons of to-day have rivalled
Your sons of the days of old.

And again: ‡

Not least the statesmen of the ripening time,
Who stood beside the Great White Mother's
throne.

* Albert Bywater Middleton, 70 Wake Road, Sharrow, Sheffield. (Song 28.)

* Margarita L. Tipper, 8 Lyndhurst Road, Oldfield Park, Bath. (Song 119.)

† Miss J. M. Pugh, Towgr, Merionethshire. (Song 126.)

‡ Rev. C. E. Scott-Moncrieff, Blyth Vicarage, Rotherham. (Song 141.)

And in much the same spirit of wholesome optimism are the following lines, which are as good poetry as they are good sentiment : *

These stones we stand on as we reach to lay
Ours on a higher plane,
Bear deep the markings hewn there yesterday,
Wear even yet the stain
Of some brave heart's blood—Let it rise in ours,
Nay, let it flush one cheek,
Nerve one endeavour, give us higher powers
Than we had thought to seek !

The rallying of the Colonies to the aid of the Mother Country in war-time is, of course, a thing of but yesterday, and it is really only since it took place that the meaning of the words "The British Empire" has even imperfectly come home to most of us. Rightly the poets seize upon it as the most significant of all the manifestations of the Imperial spirit and the Imperial power : †

There came a shock of war, unsought,
Which found us vantage-less at first ;
It tried our mettle—not for nought—
For in the thunder-cloud which burst
A spark electric flamed which wrought
The Empire to a nobler mood,
That brightened in our dark vicissitude.
Then rose our sons to that clear height
Which never yet the world had seen ;
Then came our freemen to the fight
From lands where war had never been.

And again : ‡

Then there befell what ne'er was known before
In the world's history : from every shore
Came flocking freely, of their own good will,
Old England's sons, her dwindling ranks to fill.
For England's sake they sped o'er ocean wide,
For England's sake they nobly fought and died.
This generous help, this unexpected aid
Of Colonists, the stubborn foe dismayed.
Hopeless their cause, their arms they now forsake,
And, hardly beaten, their submission make.
By this shall all our envious neighbours know
The "British Empire" is no empty show :
For wheresoe'er on earth our flag's unfurled,
Who fights against us fights against the world.

And yet again sings a voice from one of the Colonies themselves : *

But something for the world to marvel at !
'Twas not our seeking, this unhappy war—
We love not wars : 'twas forced on us : the sword
Was drawn that wrong might cease and right prevail,
Oppression yield to justice, liberty,
And sons of free men come into their own !
And, maybe, some wise, ruling Providence
Design'd it : in that mighty gathering
Of Britain's sons from all the ends of earth,
All one in blood, knit fast by loving bonds,
So loving that the Nations stood amazed !
(A dream transformed into Reality !)
Was more than Victory ! the laurels won
More precious far than ever was brought forth !
From Canada, our "Lady of the Snows,"
And Australasia, Empress of the South,
From north and south, from east and west, they came,
Love leading them, these Empire sons of ours !

This fact, that it was "love leading them" that brought the Colonies to the Mother Country's aid, is expanded rather curiously by a Welsh poet :

What brought the children to the Mother's side
From far-off hill and glen, o'er oceans wide,
Prepared to fight, yea die, in her defence,
Seeking no fee, no praise, no recompense ?
Find we the cause in wealth, position, power ?
With such we should be sunder'd wide this hour.

* Miss Margaret S. Clark, Glasgow. (Song 72.

† Alfred Wright, 21 Bentinck Street, Greenock. (Song 40.)

‡ Rev. A. J. Edmonds, The Vicarage, Great Gransden, Sandy. (Song 48.)

* William Farmer Whyte, *Daily Telegraph* Office, Sydney, N.S.W. (Song 186.)

In social systems, science, or in art ?
These influence the mind, but not the heart.
Is it the love of home, or, still more dear,
A mother's love, which starts the filial tear ? *

And this from Canada : †

Colonial sons, in many a distant land,
Hold up in pride their Mother Country's hand.

Loyal and brave-born, mid Canadian snow,
Australian lands, where calmly breezes blow,
When gleamed the Fiery Cross 'mid war's shrill cry,
Their " Ready—Ready " echoed to the sky.

This promptitude of the response to England's call for help, the eagerness of the Colonies to spring to her side, is sometimes very prettily imagined : ‡

O'er yon far range of mountain blue
The Squatter heard the call,
Where Murray River's fountain flows
With crash from fall to fall.
At even, when the Bush was still,
The horses groomed and fed,
When stars were bright with quiv'ring light,
And crescent moon o'erhead.

Chorus.

'Twas a *coo-ee* o'er the cattle ranch,
A *coo-ee* through the mine,
Come fight beneath Old England's flag,
For the sake of " Auld Lang Syne."

The yacht on Sydney's waters blue,
The steersman sudden turned,
The voice he heard the breezes brought,
His heart within him burned,
In Melbourne's port, gay, busy too,
At work from dawn till late,
From hurrying quay to high masthead
One sound could penetrate.

Chorus.

'Twas a *coo-ee* o'er the cattle ranch,
A *coo-ee* through the mine, &c.

* W. Williams, Cambria Cottage, Pontypool, Mon. (Song 122.)

† B. Cameron, D.C.L., Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada. (Song 179.)

‡ Miss M. A. Ballard, Fosse Bank, Camberley, Surrey. (Song 150.)

The above is not the less remarkable because it was written in Surrey, not in New South Wales, as the following comes from Moseley, not from Nova Scotia : *

Canada lifts her face o'er her snows and her forests and wheatlands,
Fronts the gaze of the earth, and answers challenge with challenge,
Proud, reliant, her heart the fearless heart of her people,
Strong as their Viking sires, nor less are they than their fathers ;
They who found the shorelands, Helluland, Markland, Vinland ;
Who, when their life sank earthwards, on the high capes were buried,
Looking towards the waters, that they might rise in their spirits,
Calling the race, with the voice that thrilled them across the Atlantic,
They came impelled by the blood, the boldest and bravest that hearkened.

But we must decline to agree with one poet (New Zealand) who declares that, had it not been for the Colonies, the Motherland would have been conquered and " all her glory trampled in the dust ; " nor do we find it in our heart to sympathise unreservedly with another who says that Britain was " surprised 'neath lucre's upas-shade " (Montreal).

We prefer the point of view of a Glasgow singer : †

To mesh the British lion they had ropes
Of brag and twisted straw.

More than one poet warns England to set her house in order against such another contingency arising ; a note of warning and foreboding, indeed, running through a large number of the " Songs." The influence of " Lest we forget " is all too frequently visible. The feeling that the glory of the Empire is now at its zenith is evidently present to many minds, as— ‡

* E. Jarston Rudland, 4 Edgbaston Road, Moseley. (Song 70.)

† J. K. Sylverton, 53 Finlay Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow. (Song 295.)

‡ William Orde, Nunnykirk, Milnthorpe Road, Eastbourne. (Song 36.)

No second time of trial will the Power
Who makes and unmakes peoples at His will,
Shaping through shipwreck out of good and ill
The rugged roots at length to perfect flower,
Offer the cup and bid thee take thy fill
Of cosmic empire and its dreadful dower;
Nor will the morning, though it be by pain,
Shed on thy giant shoulders its broad beam,
Fired with the flame of every glorious dream,
Shine for thee quite so gallantly again;
Here is the tideway of the world's full stream,
And to high duty thee the years ordain.
Even adverse blasts so blow thee to the shore,
And thou shalt pass this wondrous path no more.

We may, however, take some comfort in the reflection that the same foreboding has been entertained by a very large number of the most sagacious Englishmen of every generation since English history began. Over-confidence is the most foolish of follies; but a just recognition of our own strength is the only sure foundation of that self-reliance which has been the chief reason of England's triumphs in the past, and which will equally surely carry the Empire through whatever trials Providence may have in store for us. In recognising that trials must come, let us remember also that no nation was ever so tried as Britain has been in the past, and that she has used her trials only as stepping-stones from greatness to greatness. And when we speak of England's "strength" and "greatness," it is not merely a matter of the number of ships and guns or of the vastness of her dominions—as we shall see later on.

Meanwhile, in casting about for something for us "Sons of Empire" to make ourselves miserable about, the poets occasionally chance on strange matters. We are begged to take away rum from the native races and to send more missionaries to China—excellent causes both—and, what is a larger order to "rise and purge the world of crime." Ireland, too, is the source of much misgiving. Several songs there are of an effusive "patriotic" style, from the Irish point of view; but more in keeping with the spirit of a "Song of the Empire" is the call of an Irish private in India: *

When it's fighting for the honour of old England,
Fighting for our King and Queen,
When facing the foes of old England,
We'll show them what we mean.
Proud will poor Ireland be of us,
And proud will old England feel,
Of the boys who saved her Empire,
Though they hail from the Isle so green.

Or this, which comes from Dublin: †

Thou know'st me rash and wayward,
Headstrong and hard to lead,
And oft I will not hearken
Or to thy voice give heed.

Thou know'st me ever changeful,
My laughter and my tears,
Come mingled as when sunshine
Amid the rain appears.

For all my faults and follies
And deeds that give thee pain,
Forgive me as a sister,
I pray thee once again!

Shall I not share thy greatness?
Shall I not with thee bear
The burden of thy sorrows?
Thy load of tears and care?

The spirit of foreboding, however, to which reference is made, is more generally the result of a contemplation of the wickedness of the English people as a whole, than arising from any particular political grievance. "Satan's kingdom spreads by many a British dell" we are told—and the rhyme to "dell" is, in such a context, obvious. So this again:

Shalt thou to be, O England!
Another joy of time,

* Private Pat Kiely, 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regt., Rest Camp, Poona, India. (Song 100.)

† J. W. Poe, 1 Longfield Terrace, North Circular Road, Dublin. (Song 115.)

Another mighty monster,
Bred in the salted slime,
A terror to the nations
Who, like far fallen Spain,
Shalt lord it o'er the ocean
And sink in slime again ? *

And again : †

God, who seest the strength of Empire
broken like a dying wave,
Meting doom to ruled and ruler, equal fate
to King and slave,
Watching, awful in thy silence—we beseech
Thee, hear and save !
Save us from the lust of power, from the
arrogance of might !
Scourge us with our sins and errors, humble
us before Thy sight !
Lead us through the dark and dawning to
Thine own Eternal light.

London, especially, with its poverty and luxury, is not a little threatened and abused, perhaps not undeservedly, though this seems a trifle strong : ‡

Oh mightiest, millioned Babylon, below
Thy lordliest domes the tides of error flow,
Unfeared, unchecked, and thence o'er every
sea
Rolls forth the horror of iniquity.

More temperately, and perhaps more justly, says a voice nearer home : §

We have made of trade a God,
We have made of God a trade.

But the same poet is almost equally depressed by the sight of London :

Street-bred children, almost bare,
Milkless mothers, babies frail,
Gin-soaked fathers, stinking air,
Dirty houses, filthy streets,
Little water, not much soap,
Desolate, and without hope,
How can we e'er hope to be,
Still a people clean and free,
With this great sad weight of town
Ever there to drag us down ?

* Henry G. Musson, Hamilton, Bermuda. (Song 185.)

† "Eirinn"—no name or address. (Song 33.)

‡ Charles Oscar Palmer, Brentwood Farm, Kaikoura, Marlborough, New Zealand. (Song 247.)

§ J. Ross, 40 Hythe Bridge Street, Oxford. (Song 146.)

But enough of horrors. I have now conscientiously set forth whatever there is of gloom and of foreboding in the Songs, and these things are no more than the motes in the sunbeam, ripples on the face of the broad current, an accidental discord here and there in the great world-wide chorus of rejoicing and triumph and pride. And I have kept for the last what is the most beautiful and the *most essential* thing in all this wonderful diapason of the Empire. It is this : the almost universal recognition that Britain's greatness is not a mere matter of men and guns and ships and miles of subject-lands : *

Not ours to sit in self-complacent ease,
Saying—I sit as Mistress of the Seas,
Holding the gateways of my enemies.
Not ours, with pride elate
Of Empire, still to prate
And say—The doors of other lands
Are in my hands,
My fingers grasp their keys,
The bolts and bars undoing when and
where I please.

Some there are who see in the Empire only a personification of might and military power. Others, as we have seen, are overawed by the splendour of the past and despondent of our ability to support our high traditions in the days to come. Others again—a very few—see chiefly our moral weaknesses and the plague-spots of which civilisation has not yet succeeded in purifying the earth. But to the great majority the Empire is a Brotherhood, and a Brotherhood of Love, as we showed at the beginning ; but above all a Brotherhood of lofty purpose and high ideals.†

Be good to be great, and honour your king,
Think while ye labour and pray while ye sing.

In the past we have prospered because we deserved to prosper, because "our general aims were good," because we fought not for self-aggrandisement, but for civilisation, to resist tyranny and, above all, for freedom. The British rule has spread

* Mrs. K. W. Grant, Worksop Road, Masterton, New Zealand. (Song 190.)

† Philip Hughes, 105 Castle Terrace, Shrewsbury. (Song 37.)

because it was good for the world that it should spread; and mankind is happier and better for its spreading. Now, as we have gathered power we have gathered responsibility. The Empire is a moral force to-day, even more than a material one; and it is the beauty of the ideals which the poets—British subjects all, in all parts of the globe—set before themselves and the Empire that makes their song, in the main, so beautiful.*

> The touch of God's own finger
> Prevents us and fulfils;
> We dare not halt or linger
> About the work He wills.

And listen! †

Not in mere worldly greatness, wealth or power
Does Britain's highest weal or glory lie;
Truth, freedom, high-souled honour, worthy deeds,
These are her noblest traits, her richest dower:
Perish what may, such glories ne'er can die,
Since of immortal life they bear the seeds.

And again, speaking of India: ‡

Oh, Mother of the Northern Sea!
Who rul'st this kingdom of the Sun,
Thine is to make its people free
Through all the ages yet to run,
Thine to give truth and hope and peace,
Thine to make pure and truly wise,
And when thy stewardship shall cease
To render to thy Lord the prize.

And again: §

> By our daring dreams of glory,
> Hope of happier days to be,
> Let us work and love and worship;
> Chainless children of the free.
> Till the splendour of our Empire lights
> A darksome world to rest,
> And the reign of Christ endureth from
> The farthest East to West.

And yet again: *

Not that, rock-girdled in thine island-state,
Thou bend'st the vassal surges to thy will,
And like a city throned upon a hill
Smilest defiance to the shocks of fate;
Nor yet that, with Imperial pride elate,
Far daughter-nations muster round thee still,
Eager thy world-wide mission to fulfil:
Not for these things, O England, art thou great.
But that thy land was hers, who, all her days,
Divinely dower'd, as queen, wife, mother, trod
Her faithful path unfaltering to the tomb;
Or his, who, loving men but scorning praise,
Steadfast as Moses on the Mount of God,
Fell on those reeking stairs in lost Khartoum.

It is this conviction running through poem after poem that it is our mission †

> To make the world a better place
> Where'er the English go,

Or, in different words: ‡

> To raise the weaker nations,
> The Christian faith impart,
> To make the scattered peoples
> United heart to heart—

that lifts these songs into a noble volume of prophecy. They show that the ideal of the English people to-day is as high as—nay, higher than—it ever was; and in this fact is not only a contradiction of whatever forebodings other of the poets, or we ourselves, may have entertained, but it gives us assurance of the future of the Empire itself.

* Miss Mary Davey, Dunkery House, Foley Street, Langham Place, London, W. (Song 151.)

† "Anglo-Celt"—No name or address. (Song 207.)

‡ W. Henry Jewitt, 4 Torriano Cottages, London, N.W. (Song 27.)

§ R. Jordon, Lodore, Colfe Road, Forest Hill. (Song 161.)

* Montagu Lomax, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire. (Song 148.)

† Mrs. Frances Aimes, The Brents Vicarage, Faversham, Kent. (Song 30.)

‡ Rev. Henry Lancelot Dixon, St. John's Villa, Warminster. (Song 61.)

Let each who bears a British name,
See that he cast no shade of blame
Upon his Country's flag, nor bring to Britain shame!

* * * *

"God and my right." Let every Briton take
That motto for himself for Britain's sake.
"God" first: His honour be our highest aim!
But, after that, "our right" we humbly claim.
Her right does Britain ask: no more—her right!
For this, and this alone, does Britain fight.

* * * *

Britannia's honour is her children's care.*

And this repeated conviction that it is the duty not merely of our rulers but of *every* Briton to do his part in the Empire's work and bear his share of the Imperial responsibility, becomes very impressive in its constant repetition.†

Not alone should that beloved Monarch,
Or the statesman wise who round him stand,
Bear the burden of our vast dominion—
Guard the honour of our ancient land.
Britons, one and all, should aye remember,
Each a portion of that load must share;
Citizens of such a mighty Empire
In that Empire's work their part must bear.

So South Africa—and thus answers Lancashire: ‡

But, Britons, when you leave your homes
For others strange and new,
Live as a man and a Briton should,
A life supremely true.
And struggling on through every ill
Preserve your country's honour still.

As a complement to which, mark this: *

May be the best way to serve the Empire
Is to do your duty here at home.

So long as this is the spirit which animates the people of the Empire—and it *does* animate them, whether by "at home" they chance to mean South Africa or New Zealand or Manitoba or Weston-super-Mare—so long does the Empire rest on a foundation which cannot be shaken.

And I wonder whether I have at all succeeded in conveying to you the extraordinary impression of beauty which these Songs of Empire make on any one reading them in the mass, and whether I have at all made you understand why I spoke of the reading of those Songs and the Odes which preceded them as the most remarkable literary experience of my life. Through these poems has spoken for the first time the voice of a new world-power, mightier far than any power which has gone before, and loftier in ideals, and considered rightly, it is that loftiness of ideal which constitutes the real might of the Empire.

* Miss O. A. Arnell, Haslemere, Boscombe. (Song 62.)

† Miss Emily Stead, 10 Prince Street, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa. (Song 280.)

‡ Miss Gertrude H. Medcalf, Daisy Bank, Aughton, Liverpool. (Song 59.)

* Rev. W. Blake Atkinson, Bishopswood, Weston-super-Mare. (Song 47.)

First Prize

NOTE.—The First Prize has been divided between the writers of Songs Nos. 189, 187, 114, 145, 175, these compositions being considered of equal merit by the Judges

SONG No. 189

By M. E. J. PITT
MATHINNA
TASMANIA

A SONG OF THE EMPIRE

A song for the Lord of the White North's sword,
And a song for the White North's throne,
And a song for the gates of the Nation States,
And the flag on their frontiers flown.
For the home of the free, wherever it be,
For the realms and the rights we share,
'Neath the Cross hung high in the Austral sky,
Or under the Northern Bear.

We have honoured our Sires, we have fed the fires,
They brought o'er the grey North Flood,
And we cleave to the hand of the Iron Strand,
And we cleave to the Viking blood.
And we swear to-day by thine altars grey,
And we swear by thy sacred sod,
To fight for the Right of our fathers' fight,
And the faith of our fathers' God.

Lo! our ships go forth to the wind-swept North
In a robe of the sea-wrack grey,
And our ships go South to the harbour mouth
Where the ocean sings to the bay.
Our ships, our ships, and the long swell dips
To cruiser, and ship o' the line,
And the black seas reel to each spurning keel
In the wake of our proud ensign.

From East and West where the skies are drest
In sunrise or sunset flame,
Our outposts call o'er the white sea wall
And the wolves of the world are tame.

They have felt the might of our shore-fought fight,
And they know where the swell runs green,
Deep answers deep where our squadrons leap
To the call of their Ocean Queen.

. . . . . .

Empire whose arms are locked about the World,
Whose path is with the dawn upon the deep,
Thou sittest where the centuries have hurled
Their heritage of hope for thee to keep
Watered and tended, till Time's fields shall be
Ripe for the harvest of Eternity.

Pearl of the Orient, Purple of the West,
And on thy head a crown of many stars,
O Queen of Nations, whose undaunted crest
Is lifted high o'er Time's horizon bars,
Fearless and fair, fronting the world-wide throng
That thrills or trembles to thy battle-song.

Rome ne'er so proudly on her seven hills
Flung forth her Eagle Standard to the breeze
As thou, whose loud reveillé wakes and thrills
The sounding ramparts of thy seven seas,
Nor Adriatic's Bride was tried like this
To greet her Spouse by wave-worn Salamis.

All things are thine, the darker deeps divide
To yield their pearls, the wave that laps thy shore,
Full-freighted with the World's wide harvest-tide,
Empties its horn of plenty at thy door,
Gathered in far, fair lands that bear thy name,
Where Pole Star burns, or tropic heavens flame.

Thy ships that sink 'neath the horizon-line
Like sparks into the infinite go forth,
Bearing thy haughty standard for a sign
And token from the Lady of the North :
Where keel may ride, or foot may find a track,
The winds have sported with the Union Jack.

Where the lone Yukon cleaves the silent land
Of White Alaska, and the winds have hurled,
The snows of all the years upon thy strand,

And whipped thee since the morning of the World.
Yet floats above thee, crown unto thy crag,
The windworn glory of the Grand Old Flag

Which lifts men's minds to deeds that in old days
Had made men gods, whose godlike gifts of grace
Pierce the blind dark of error's sordid ways
As stars to lead the vanguard of the race.
So Franklin died, so Hudson's oak hull bore
Thro' grinding packs that guard grey Labrador.

And still it calls o'er mead and marsh and fen,
And still the strong men answer as they go
To guard its honour on the Saluen,
Or hold its rights upon the Hoang-ho;
We come, we come, and swell the leaguering host,
Dusk legions from the Coromandel Coast.

Solemn Bengalis, tribesmen from the hills,
Sons of that Motherland whose will is law
Swell 'neath her flag as winter-swollen rills,
To fight for those white cliffs they never saw;
Jealous lest aught should dim thy royal sheen
Shrine of the ashes of their Great White Queen.

Empire august who sees her Nation States
Lift each aloft her federated head
Guiltless of schisms, and the Old World's hates,
Or narrow creeds of egotism bred.
Strength of thy strength, and fame unto thy fame,
Who claim the title of thy peerless name.

Nor slavish fear has made thy borders wide,
Nor tyrant hand has forged the bands of steel,
That link broad land to land, and tide to tide,
And man to man, for mutual commonweal,
With one high ideal, one desire imbued,
To guard the honour of their nationhood,

And bear her standard for White Freedom's sake
Where'er the venomed fangs of vampires probe
Frail human flesh, in her high name awake
The captives of the habitable globe,
To pride of purpose, and to pride of place,
And shake the shackles from the Human Race,

First Prize

SONG No. 187
(*Bracketed with Songs Nos.* 189, 114, 145, 175)

By E. N. McCULLOCH
THE "AGE" OFFICE
MELBOURNE

ON THE ROAD OF EMPIRE

I

SHE stands absorbed in thought; her wondrous eyes
Fix'd steadfast and serene upon the Veil
Which shrouds her path: they falter not, nor fail
From Death and all the thronging Shapes that rise
Before her, threatening—terrible—to the skies
And seek to daunt her; but without avail.
Magnificent in glittering golden mail
And azure robes, with that dread Helm where flies
The shining plume of War, she fronts all foes!
Here flames a Shield, borne up beneath her hand;
There, strongly grasped, the Trident of the Sea;
Power on her brow—dominion in her pose;
The foremost figure of Time in all the land,
Mother of States that are and are to be!

II

What is her destiny? And what are Those
Blown hither-thither on the winds of Years—
Ghosts of the Past, or dark and evil Fears?
Are not her feet set on the Road she chose,
The rock-strewn Road of Empire? Where will close
Her long, long pilgrimage? What Guerdon cheers
Her mighty heart; what warm Hope dries the tears
Within her eyes? What wind of Eden blows
The dew of Strength upon her, that all toil,
All sorrow, and all suffering leave her great
And still more strong upon her lonely way?
Is it desire of Empery; or spoil
Of broken Peoples; or the lust of Hate
And old Revenge? Answer, O Time, and say!

III

"The Night is long, and full of ominous things,
And on the gloomy hills the darkness spreads;
And many have fallen in the road she treads,
Who pauses now and bravely forward flings
Her soul into the Future. But she brings
The Light of God upon her face; nor dreads
The Spectres of the Night. Lo! where their heads
Fall at the touch of those eternal Wings
That guard her, and will guard, until the Goal
Clears to her sight. Yea! then shall they dissolve
As mists before the sun! Though doubts and fears
Assail the proud indomitable soul
Of England, and high tasks test her resolve,
She triumphs, moving slowly down the years!"

First Prize

SONG No. 114
(*Bracketed with Songs No.* 189, 187, 145, 175)

By HAROLD BEGBIE
Sandown House
Weybridge

SONG OF THE MARCHING ENGLISH

Ye sons of Britain, chaunt
The Hymn of England marching on!
Let your proud banners flaunt,
Sing in a world-wide unison,—
The strain that God's four winds have borne
A thousand years from morn to morn:
The song that swells from every clime
Along the crest of flooding Time;
Take up the strain,
Ye pilgrim host of peak and plain!
O swift sure feet,
Forward the drums of England beat!—

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

When Northern Night unbars
Her shutters to the climbing sun,
Streams to the Southern stars
The Flag that makes the British one;
Where Indus panting craves the sea,
It holds the Eastern gateway free:
There, too, it tells of England's line,
Snow-pinnacled above the pine:
High o'er the Nile
Sublime it floats in Heaven's smile:
With wounded hand
Africa clasps it to her strand.

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

We bear the Law God placed
In Alfred's soul from sea to sea:
From shore to shore, we haste
The Word God spake in Galilee;
Thro' Wars we go that War may cease,
Freedom our end, our mission peace;
A sea where all the ships may go,
An earth where none need dread a foe:
Our faith, that God
Pointed the path our fathers trod:
Our prayer, that He
Will keep us strong and pure and free.

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag
The Hymn of England round the world!

What hand shall quench the fires
Jehovah kindled in the North,
When our far-questing sires
Went like their boding Raven forth?
Theirs was a flight that knew not rest
Till the five zones upbore their nest:
Theirs was the dow'r—eternal youth,
Fiance in law, desire of truth:

Theirs was a form
Braced to the whirlwind, bred in storm:
Theirs was a soul
That swept thro' fire to clutch the goal.

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

Ours, brothers, ours to drive
The Saxon plough from East to West:
Ours, thro' the world to gyve
Ocean and river to our quest:
Ours, on the sundered shores to sow
Empires that none shall overthrow:
To knit with law and love the great
Mosaic of our royal State:
Thro' all the din
Of warring realms, one race, one kin:
One past, one aim,
One glorious pride in England's name!

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

On, brothers!—thro' the land
Plant the new city, launch the quay,
Held by the shaping Hand
That hemmed our England with the sea;
Not by blind chance, or slothful ease,
Our island laws have crossed the seas:
Not by a single hero's worth
We hold dominion on the earth;
By God's high grace,
Our kingdom's built on Britain's race,—
Strength wed with ruth,
And passionate zeal for sovran truth.

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

On, brothers, onward still,
Tho' the storm flame from out the night,
Tho' fierce the way, and shrill
The winds that flog us from the height;
On, for above the reeling gale,
High o'er each wounding crag we scale,
High o'er the perilous peak, afar
Shines this great England's pilot star!
From Heav'n's white coast
It burns before our marching host,—
Who calls retreat?
Forward the drums of England beat!

Onward! beneath the Flag
Jehovah's hand unfurl'd,
Singing, o'er flood and crag,
The Hymn of England round the world!

First Prize

SONG No. 145
(*Bracketed with Songs No.* 189, 187, 114, 175)

By HUMPHREY B. WATKINS
Keble College
Oxford

A SONG OF THE INGATHERING

"Good grain went to the sowing,
Good rain went to the growing,
Now are the days of mowing,
What shall the harvest be?"

A Sower strode into the naked fields
In the world's bare infancy,
And lightly he scattered the fateful seeds
Of the nations that were to be.
And he sowed some thick, and he sowed some thin—
Some early to spring, some late:
Some potent to overshadow the earth,
Some doomed to blight and decay from birth,
And the Sower sat down to wait.

A small field ours at the sowing-time
  But, in faith, a sturdy seed!
We have held up our heads 'gainst the outside storm,
  We have strangled the inside weed;
We have toiled and spent to enlarge our bounds,
  We have weathered it, foul or fair.
And lo! the harvesters' moon upsprings,
And a voice from the Heavenly Seedsman rings,
  "Give proof of the crop ye bear."

We have laid our hand to the tail o' the plough,
  The labourers stream abroad;
But curse me the fool who brags of his sheaves
  Or ever the grain be stored.
For those who reap is an ample wage,
  For those who bind is a meed;
But for him who lags 'neath an unbuilt stack,
With sun in his face, but a cloud at his back,
  Is a guerdon of shame indeed!

For in truth the fields are on all sides white
  With a promise that none may gauge;
With the help of God we may reap such a crop
  Not the boldest dare presage.
Let hand join hand over continents broad,
  Over leagues of unresting foam;
But grant us, Master, who gave the seed,
In a spirit befitting our task to lead
  Our Imperial Harvest-home!

First Prize

SONG No. 175
(*Bracketed with Songs No.* 189, 187, 114)

By Miss BESSIE GRAY
Sir S. Brownlow Gray, Kt.
Chief Justice
Bermuda

SONG OF THE KEEPERS OF THE WESTERN GATE

Queen of the seas,
Thou hast given us the keys:—
Proudly do we hold them, we, thy lovers, and akin.
We will guard the Water-Gate,
Though we be not strong nor great,
And our lives shall pay the forfeit ere we let the foeman in.

Empty are our hands:—
For we have no wealth nor lands,
No grain or gold to give thee, and a feeble fold are we;
But in very will and deed,
We will serve thee at thy need,
And keep thine ancient fortalice above the Western sea.

Mighty sons thou hast begot,
Who have cast with thee their lot;
Thy quarrels are their quarrels, and thy rights their rights to guard:
We can only stand and wait,
Making strong the Water-Gate,
That we be not found unready when the battle is toward.

The sea is at our doors,
And we front its fretted floors,
Swept by every wind that listeth, ring'd with reefs from rim to rim.
Though we may not break its bars,
Yet by light of sun or stars
Our hearts are fain for England, and for her our eyes are dim.

Sweet Mother, ponder this,
Lest thy favour we should miss,
We, the lowliest and least of all the Peoples of the Sea,
With bared head and proud
We bless thy name aloud,
For gift of lowly service, as we guard the Gate for thee.

Second Prize

NOTE.—The Second Prize has been divided between the writers of Songs No. 44 and 58, these compositions being considered of equal merit by the Judges.

SONG No. 44

By L. MACLEAN WATT
Minister of Alloa
Scotland

A SONG OF EMPIRE

O thou, the Ocean's bride,
A monarch throned
Above the sleepless tide
Which round thy feet these countless ages moaned,—
What are our songs to thee,
That thou hast for thine own
The song of the sounding sea,
And the scream of the winds from each corner of wide heaven blown,
And the praise and the pride of the dead whom thy glorious years have known?—
Thou, whom God, in the morn
When thou wast born,
Bade rise from the surge and the surf and the breaker's roar,
And set above thee the changing sky,
Where the sun and the stars, alternate, quicken and die,
And the eagles of empire soar . . .
He set thy feet on the sands,
And thy gaze o'er the waters' free,
And He said, "I have need for thy heart and hands,
And the earth has need for thee."

So, from that day,
Dim, faded, and far away,
When the fringe of the sobbing tide,
Lashed into foam, was dyed
With the deep hue of battle's purple wine,
A Destiny divine
Has toiled above us, moulding us to His will,
Strengthening us, through struggle and conflict still,
As at the first,
When Conquest, westward-driven, in fury on us burst,

Found us, and tried to break us, being free,
And stirred along our shores the song of Liberty.

Out of the misty Morning-land, unknown,
O'er which Forgetfulness has thrown
Impenetrable glooms, our fathers stept
  Into the light of that great dawn, to die,
When o'er their bodies swept,
  With triumphing cry,
    The invading host that came,
      Borne on the wave, and blown before the breeze,
    To win and claim
      Our grey land, set amid the encircling seas.

They could not make us slaves:
  We scorned their chains—
We left our dead asleep beside the waves,
  We left the plains,
And made the hills our battlements, the dense
Dark midnights of the forest our defence,
  With marshes girdled round,—
There for our Britain made our stubborn stand,
  And so the indomitable Roman found
A foe unvanquished in our Northern land.

Then, when the Roman's glory, on the wane,
  Out of our waters passed, and died away
    In stormy splendours, flung o'er seas afar,
    Their setting star
  Brought nigh the breaking of our later day,
    With wildest brood of war
Like desolating rain
  Out of the sea-fogs dashed upon our shores,
  With flash of shield and spear, and clang of conquering oars.
    And on, through weary strife,
With many a star of hope to darkness hurled,
    Wove they the wondrous web of their race's life
Whose weaving has circled the world.

For the heart of us deepened and grew,
  In the conflicts of kings,
    In the breasting of Ocean's foam,
    In the winning and holding of home,
  In the hardship of things;

Till at last, when we heard and knew
That the gates of the world were wide,
And far o'er the waters, broad and blue,
In the way of the drifting tide,
Westward, westward, beyond the sunset's haze,
Lay golden dreams and days,
And treasure and fame for the ready hand that gathers,
Like sea-birds sped our souls upon the breeze,—
Out from the door of England went the white sails of our fathers,
And the embattled poops of Britain were seen on all the seas.

Spain, proud Spain,
Dragging her darksome chain
Through our own free channels of England,
And out on the Western Main,
Burned with flame of her hate,
Froze with the fear of the grave,
For our flag was the shadow of Fate
To her fame on the wave.
And she prayed for a breath of God to blow,
And scatter us, out on the seas,
And sweep from the deep, on a judgment breeze,
The sails that saddened her so.

For we grappled her, ship to ship—we fought her, one to a fleet,—
God and our banner above us, what knew we of dread?
Sometimes we drove her, blinded, through battle's baleful sleet,
And sometimes, dying and dead,
The war-lashed waters engulfed us, riven and shattered and rent,
But the pledge of our fathers firm at the mast,
Unconquered in pride, as we went,
When out of the strife we passed,
To our ocean sleep,
To the silences down in the deep . . .
They marvelled—they could not break us,
All vain were battle and breeze,
Nor storm nor death could shake us,
Nor crush us out of the seas.

Fling out the flag, let it flutter,
Tost like a bird on the billow, free let it blow on the blast;
'Tis more than songs can utter—
'Tis To-day—'Tis the Past,—

'Tis the hope of the days that are veiled, 'tis the badge of our pride,
Stained with the blood of our triumphs, and tears for the brave who have died.

Like a dream of the dawn it led us, by ways we never knew,
Filling our sails
With the freshening gales,
With the Trade Winds when they blew;
Till lands afar were peopled by the children of our race,
In darkness and trial remembering still the Northern Mother's face.
And forests far remote, and desolate plains
Echo familiar strains,
Learned long ago, from love, in distant years,
Where only in dreams
The home-light gleams
Through blinding mist of tears.

With windows o'er all waters opening wide,
And doors for all the world,
From which our sea-born blood,
Throbbing a martial music o'er the flood,
Drew us across the tide,
In labour and in sleep
We drifted through the deep,
Till round the earth our sheltering flag is furled.

Far have we followed the gleam, in eager flight,
Like an omen-bird through the night,
O'er wailing, unknown waters, and dim, untrodden lands.
Blown like the clouds, and drifting like the spray,
Our wandering dust has sped, until, to-day,
The wave-borne seed has grown, in desert places,
A stalwart forest of sons, with manly graces;
Our gladness stirs their loyal hearts to song,
And, in our anguish, to their shores they throng,
Outstretching helpful hands.

Great Australasia, wide-eyed, with the tan
Of blazing Noon upon her, as she turns
Her long gaze homewards, where her dreams began,
With yearning love that still deep in her burns,
Glad, when she hears the old voice sudden cry,
To follow the northward call, and die.

India, clothed with mystery, crowned with peace out of pain,
Wearing yet over her heart the deep, sad, shuddering strain
  Which all the ages shall not wipe away,
Sits in our shadow shielded, and with her grief confest,
  Sharing the price of Empire, which we pay
With blood of our truest and best.

And Africa, lone in her deserts, weirdest of lands,
  Wringing her hands
By low graves left in the grasses;
Counting the time as it passes,
  Saying, "How long?"
Praying, "O God, is it ages yet,
Ere human hearts forget,
  And sorrow be merged in song?"

And Canada, swathed in stillness of her snows,
  Or forest twilights, where the broad-axe swings
  Its song of opening pathways, as it rings
A message to all who follow, that it goes
  Seeking the fertile cornlands of the West,
    And fields of rest.

And on, through haunted depths of shadowing pines,
To where the frozen North, in glimmering gloaming shines,
  Or soft Pacific sighs;
  And Westward still in chase of Day, that dies,
    But sinks not to his sleep,—
      Wooing us on to follow in his wake,
        Till, ere our race is run.
          We overtake
        The swift course of the sun,
  And see him, radiant, rise,
  Kissing our flag to beauty in all skies,
    And hailing our ships that sweep
      Across the crested waves that farthest break
  Round Islands of the Deep.

O Name our fathers fell for—Land of pride,
Torn out of Europe's side,
  And set, alone and free,
  Amidst the sea,
These are thine own, and these thy children share
The burden of thy conquests and thy care;

Proud commonwealths and states, yet, at thy call,
The one flag leads them all;
And, whoso stirs against thee war's alarms
Must face a world in arms.

Yet not the sword alone true Empire makes.
  Up like a rock amid the storm she stands,
And stills the passion-blast that breaks
  With ruin o'er sad lands.
Her shadow falls, like God's great night of doom,
  To drive Oppression, lonely, to his grave;
Her hand, scarred like an angel's, gropes through gloom,
  Loosening the iron bands that bind the slave . . .
Opening through ancient night
Wide ways for Love to enter, bearing light;
Ringing from sea to sea
Sweet Avon's song, and the surge of Galilee—
The throb of Science, and the pulse of Thought,
The power of all who wrought
And gave their labours, that the race might rise
From carnage to the kingdom of the wise;
Strong with God's yearnings,—out of sundered lands
Linking brave hands
Around the world—clothed in eternal youth,
Led by the glow of Freedom, Love, and Truth.

Heavy the cross it wins, and none may bear
Its ceaseless care,
Kinglike, toward earth's setting,
The Power unseen forgetting,
Whose gaze beholds the glories of the proud
Still shadowed by a shroud.

So suffer not our hearts, O God of Hosts,
  To crown our days with garlands of our pride,
Or count our greatness by the trampled coasts,
  And vanquished kingdoms grappled to our side;
But by our service, by our toil and pain,
  By our true standing guard for Freedom's sake,
  And light for others, though no glory break
Across our watch and drift about the main.

For still we hear, where'er our arms are led,
The voices of earth's mightiest ages dead,

With warning, blown from dim worlds far away,
That Fame is futile, and the hour grows late,
And we with dread, amidst our toilings, wait
The touch upon the shoulder, which shall say,
"The game is ended. Leave it, and step down,
And let another take thy place and crown."

So keep us lowly, in the day of power,
As men who wait the clanging of that hour
Which brings the judgment-knock upon the door;
For all shall pass in which our spirits trust,
And we go daily gravewards, through the dust
Of Empires which have been, and are no more.

Second Prize

SONG No. 58
(Bracketed with Song No. 44)

BY W. VICTOR COOK
"BRIGHTON HERALD"
BRIGHTON
SUSSEX

A SONG OF EMPIRE

SONG of the Sister Nations, seed of the grey old land—
Brothers, how shall one sing it? How shall the lines be planned,
That the hearts of a hundred millions may answer and understand?

Deeper than speech or language is the Song that our spirit hears,
For its Letters are lives of heroes, written along the years,
And the Page has a world-wide border, and the Ink is blood and tears.

Duty, and pride of triumph, sorrow of humbling shame,
Shadow of dark dishonour, and glory of deathless fame:
These are the words of the writing, just as the message came

From our Fathers in the Island, and their sons 'neath every sky,
Who still are spelling it, brothers,—they, and you all, and I,
For the Pen that hath written Empire can never be laid by.

Child of the grey old Ireland, bred in the Northern breeze;
Son of the torrid Summer, where Nature smiles at ease;
And you, whose daily living is the peril of the seas;

You of the lands of Sunset, and you from beyond the Morn ;
Chain of our scattered kindred from the Arctic to the Horn ;
And ye foster-sons of the Empire who are not of the native-born ;—

Brothers, the Hymn of our fathers lies on the Page to-day :
The Pen is between our fingers, and what shall the Writing say,
For our children still to cherish when we have gone our way ?—

Hymn of our far-flung nations, all through the ages long
Linking our hearts together, loyal, loving, and strong,
Bidding us stand for justice, bidding us right the wrong !—

Spirit of all our fathers, that guided the Pen of old,
So write our Song of Empire in letters of living gold
That God may sign the Scripture when the tale of Earth is told !

Third Prize

NOTE.—The Third Prize has been divided between the writers of Songs No. 162 and 133, these compositions being considered of equal merit by the Judges

SONG No. 163 WILL H. OGILVIE
HOLEFIELD
KELSO

A SONG OF EMPIRE

THERE's a flag the free winds follow—'tis the banner England bought her
With the mastery of the main ;
Every ship upon its azure has a lion to support her,
It is barred with every sunbeam 'twixt the windcloud and the water,
It is starred with faith and freedom, and it bears on every quarter
Broken galley-bench and chain !

There's a flag the blue waves dip to—on the turret-ship and trader,
On the liner out and home ;
Every crown upon that banner has a conquering name to braid her,
Every rose in every corner has a limbered gun to shade her,
And the Admirals of England chase the Spaniard's doomed Armada
Round its borders in white foam !

It has hailed a thousand summers since we haltered the white stallions
In their blue fields running free;
Since we forced them to our bidding, ramping royal-maned battalions,
Bearing down our swift three-deckers on the treasure-laden galleons,
Or, scarce mouthing at their bridles, arching crests in courtly dalliance
With our keels upon the sea.

Through the gates our hands flung open sail the fleets of all the Powers,
Dipping flags as they go past,
All the flags of all the nations like a bouquet of bright flowers,
—'Mid the flags of every nation not a prouder flag than ours
As she dips a royal answer from a hundred fortress-towers
Each a stronger than the last.

We have won it with the yew-bow, we have held it with the yeoman,
We have fostered it and fed;
With a lion-crest above it as a boast and battle-omen
We have built this wider Empire than the widest of the Roman,
Built it safe and built it surely on the bodies of our foemen
And the bones of English dead;

Dead we left upon the ranges with the bloodwoods arching over;
Dead we left in Maori fern;
In the shadow of the kopjes where the vultures wheel and hover;
In the jungle; in the backwoods with the maple-leaves to cover;
Dead, amid the ocean dirges, laid beside their deep-sea lover
—Shrouded, leaded, dropped astern.

Dead we buried with their honours, with their medals laid beside them,
To the roll of the dulled drum;
Dead that fell above their axes with the rites of Death denied them,
Dead we heaped within the trenches with a shallow ridge to hide them,
With our banner for a grave-cloth that the English flag may guide them,
Through the unknown dark to come.

Gallant, gallant dead of England! To the wandering winds that know them
Let us flaunt our flags afar!
On the hills that guard our heroes, on the fenceless seas below them;
It is ours to hold the Empire that they left us, ours to show them
We shall not forget the homage and the honour that we owe them
Who have made us what we are!

Though the roses of the banquet red and white are round us lying,
And the sparkling wine-cups foam,
Though the lissom jewelled dancers all their witching arts are plying
With a heaving of white bosoms and a soft seductive sighing,
With our heel upon the dead realms shall we droop among the dying
Like a lost Imperial Rome?

We, who never failed a summons from the feasting to the foray
When the foe stood threatening by,
We, who gave our best so bravely; we, who bought so dear our glory,
Shall we trample on our laurels?—They are stained with sweat, and gory,
But, laid safe between the pages of our Book of Empire Story
They shall shine when roses die.

By the English blood that bought it! 'tis a kingdom worth the keeping!
'Tis a royal priceless ward!
Though our halls have vacant places, though our mothers' hearts go weeping,
When we hear the bugles calling, when the naked blades are leaping,
Then the world shall know that England, if she slept, was only sleeping
With a hand upon her sword!

With the crown upon our foreheads, with the pride upon our faces,
With our triumph at its height,
Still we bear the bitter burden that an Empire's heart embraces,
Bear the burden of the ruler and the dweller in high places,
With the shadow on the millions of our dusky conquered races
Groping upward to the Light.

God of Battles! If we served Thee as a smiter to Thy smitten,
If we fought as true men fight,
Hear our prayer, O God of Battles! Let the Lamp of Hope be lit in
Every corner of our Empire, and across her Flag be written:—
FREEDOM! BY THE GRACE OF HEAVEN AND THE GAUNTLET-HAND OF BRITAIN!
—AND MAY GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

Third Prize

SONG No. 133
Bracketed with Song No. 44)

By MAY CONSTANCE STONEY
OAKFIELD PARK
RAPHOE
CO. DONEGAL
IRELAND

"EVERYWHERE ABOUT THE WORLD"

I

Mother-country, dear and true,
Near at hand or far away,
All your children love your sway,
Mother-country, dear and true.
Memories with your Flag unfurled
Float and cling above you,
Everywhere about the world
There are hearts that love you.

II

Queenly Empire, good and great,
Every land has known your name,
Every sea has owned your claim,
Queenly Empire, good and great.
Service 'neath your Flag unfurled
Millions humbly pray you,
Everywhere about the world
Loyal hearts obey you.

III

Benefactress, liberal, kind,
You the sick and poor shall tend,
Every grief may call you friend,
Benefactress, liberal, kind.
Clinging to your Flag unfurled
Hungry thousands plead you,
Everywhere about the world
There are men who need you.

IV

Mistress of the circling seas,
While you guard the cause of peace,
Fear not though your foes increase,
Mistress of the circling seas.
Forward with your Flag unfurled!
Victory shall attend you,
Everywhere about the world
Noble hearts defend you.

V

Ancient Kingdom, strong and wise,
What is wrong you seek to right,
Into darkness bringing light,
Ancient kingdom strong and wise.
Progress waits your Flag unfurled,
Let no task unnerve you,
Everywhere about the world
There are sons to serve you.

VI

Happy Islands, well-loved Home,
Keep your sons a standard pure,
Teach them Truth and Right endure,
Happy Islands, well-loved Home!
Honour to your Flag unfurled,
Whosoe'er displays you,
Everywhere about the world
Eager lips shall praise you.

SONG No. 202

LUCY EVELINE SMITH
SPRINGBANK
HERIOT ROW
DUNEDIN
NEW ZEALAND

A SONG OF THE EMPIRE
FROM BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS

HAIL to the might of England! Mother, hail!
Built broadly on a people's love, no breeze
Can shake thy throne, no sudden storm assail.
Hail to the power that rules a widening world,
The flag that rides the seas!
Unscathed by battle, dauntless in the gale,
That broad-emblazoned flag, where'er unfurled,
Brings order, freedom, peace!

Mother, the hour of fuller dawn is nearing,
—Daybreak the older ages never knew,—
And we, thy children, turn to thee, revering
Thy white star-flame, thy fulgent majesty.
Take of our homage true!
Take of our homage, for the Day is peering
Bright-eyed through far-flung gates of east, and see
What tasks are thine to do!

Take of our best; we count not wound or scar:
Thy service is our guerdon and delight,
Thy fame than all our offerings dearer far.
Thy cause is ours, and when at honour's call
Thy sword is drawn in fight,
Britons, thy sons, born under every star,
Will arm them at thy need, to stand or fall,
And God defend the right!

From Ganges' burning plains; from Sydney's flowers;
From rough brown hill-sides, where the weka cries;
From flax and fern; from where the breaking surf
Fringes lone coral-reefs; or where the towers
Of stately cities rise;
From sunny meadows, where the daisied turf,
Nibbled by sheep, grows green with sweet spring showers,
'Neath changing April skies:—

From flood, and field, and quiet pasturage,
From uplands rich with wheat and bearded rye,—
Children of British blood and heritage,
Thy sons will round thee gather: all are one,
Bound by one common tie:
Whether by sheets of flying foam where rage
Dark wintry seas they dwell; or where the sun
Burns in a brazen sky.

Makers of Empire, seers, wistful-eyed,
Martyrs, their souls aflame for liberty,—
Sage, hero, patriot, who fought and died
Unconquered in the strife, went down to death
Royally scarred, for thee!
On barren hills by many an alien tide,
In deserts blasted by the storm-wind's breath,
They lie, how glad for thee!

Nobly they lived and died: they held in trust
The Empire's splendour and the Empire's praise.
They battled on through clamour, and through dust,—
Mocked by the small, unvalued by the wise,—
Laying, through patient days,
New stones of Empire, solid, sure, and just:
Self had no place in their regard; their eyes
Were fixed on thee always.

And we to-day, limbs of a living whole,
Owe thee like fealty, our right by birth.
With brain and sinew, strength of will and soul,
We seek to serve thee; for to thee is given
Dominion o'er the earth.
Not barren ways of selfishness our goal;
No, but the Mount of God, where self is riven
That pure love may spring forth!

God has to Britain said: "O tried of old,
My patient sheep are scattered, one by one,
Through the rough world: go, guide them to My fold.
Waste are My vineyards; labour there for Me
Until the day is done.
Rest comes with evenfall; but now behold
What strong slow toil, what straining nerves for thee
Before the set of sun!

"Bind up the broken-hearted: train the rude
Untutored races: give the hungry bread.
Redeem from wrong, oppression, servitude
And lawless tyranny, both man and beast:
Guard all things I have made.
Not lust of power for thee, or boastful mood,
Who art in My name servant to the least
Of those that seek thine aid."

Maker of all things! Thou, whose Spirit planned
Vast starry space, and bade the wild flower blow,—
Lo! Thou hast given into our Empire's hand
The North and South, the rapt, impassive East,
And eager West aglow.
Give strength to us, that we may understand
Thy perfect will from greatest unto least,
Stay at thy word, or go.

Lord God, to whose clear light we slowly climb,
Eternal Dayspring! Glory Increate!
Shine forth our Empire's guide, her strength sublime:
Make her with gladness serve and follow Thee,
And on Thy bidding wait:
Be with her, keep her to the end of time
Free as the winds, pure as the leaping sea,
August, inviolate!

SONG No. 182

By PERCY PITTMAN
34 Gover Street
North Adelaide
S. Australia

A SONG OF EMPIRE

There's not a sea but breaks on our dominion;
There's not a wind but blows on English land;
Day hovers o'er it aye on sunny pinion;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, hand in hand,
Link all our realm together
At once with every weather;
And all the stars by turns with deathless eyes
Look down where Britain's world-wide empire lies.

We knit the zones with webs of steam and lightning:
The long train thunders o'er the desert sands:
Quiver the wires while eager faces, brightening
Or darkening, write or read in sundered lands.
Our fleets bridge every ocean,
While, 'neath the blue commotion,
The cables tremble with the pulse of life,—
Veins throbbing with the whole world's joy and strife.

Rich argosies on every tide are creeping
With spoils from East and West of untold worth:
All marts are clamorous with our merchants, reaping
The harvest of the toil of all the earth.
Old Rome, by gold victorious,
Nor Babylon the glorious,
Nor fabled Orient flinging gems away
E'er saw such wealth as England holds to-day.

We make mankind to live in peace as brothers,
The white man and the dusky, side by side;
To India, England's voice is as a mother's,
To Africa, a saviour's: Asia's guide
And Europe's equal, Britain
On the New World has written
The law of liberty that makes akin
The men of every tongue and every skin.

We circle the great globe with English voices;
We bind her with a chain of English laws.
Childhood in happy privilege rejoices,
And learning to secluded quiet draws.
The peasant, from his station,
May rise to rule the nation:
The hand that guides the plough may guide the state,
And greatness waits upon the truly great.

We are the heirs of centuries of glory:
The blood of heroes in our veins still flows:
We hold the dear-bought standards, torn and gory,
Snatched on a hundred fields from bravest foes.
The highway of the waters
Was won for England's daughters
By many a sea-fight, one against the world,
When first our flag, our glorious flag, unfurled.

Though sundered far by mountain, vale, and ocean,
One people still are we in all the earth;
Turning, with inexpressible emotion,
Towards the land that gave our fathers birth.
From every sunlit island,
From lowland and from highland,
From veldt and prairie, bush, and jungle, we
Are turning, little home afar, to thee.

The hour of trial came, and found us willing,
The call of battle brought us to thy side:
And now our sons, O Mother, and thine, are filling
The lonely graves where, fighting, fell they and died.
By peril came the union,
By sorrow, the communion;
Now one in heart and will, we dare defy,
If just our cause, the whole world's enmity.

But not for strife our strength was manifested,
But to be used for nobler purposes;
To help the weak when wrongfully molested;
To bless the poor with bread, the old with ease;
To cleanse the slum and alley,
To level mount and valley,
And make a highway for the Lord of Hosts,
Who makes the land that doeth not, but boasts.

This mighty power is to our hands entrusted
Not in a napkin to be hid away,
Nor spent on Mammon, moth-destroyed and rusted,
But used for God, and for the brighter day.
The nations, dumbly lying
In darkness, slowly dying,
Will rise as high as England, when she goes
To treat with them as brothers, not as foes.

This is the bane of empire, to be tempted
To boastfulness and sloth and luxury:
To deem ourselves from duty's call exempted,
And live for self and wind and vanity.
So fell the Greek, the Roman:
So falls each man or woman:
And it is written in the sacred lore,—
Who saves his life shall lose it evermore.

This is the boon of empire, to be able
To guard our own, and succour the forlorn;
To lay foundations broad and deep and stable
For happier generations to be born.
Then to reach out in kindness
To nations in their blindness,
And send the light to them, till all the earth
Is full of peace and truth, and holy mirth.

Rise, then, Twin-isles upon the cold Atlantic!
Be ye at one, and turn from party-strife,
Lest our vast realm be proven too gigantic
For statesmen buried in a parish-life.
Britain and Ireland, brothers,
Your care should be for others;
Your house, divided, falls about your ears;
Discord destroys what Orphean music rears.

Rise, India, bedecked with Orient splendour,
And save your starving millions from despair;
Save them from idols that no help can render;
Rise, shine, let all the East your glory share.
Rise, Africa the giant,
In youthful strength reliant,
Shake off the shreds of battle, know thy might,
And lift thy countless hordes into the light.

Rise, Canada, with golden grain prolific,
And feed the world from underneath your snows!
Australia, and that Isle of the Pacific,
Make ye the desert blossom as the rose:
Throw wide your doors to others,
That hosts of English brothers
May find relief from over-populous lands
In erstwhile waste inhospitable sands.

Rise, one and all, one Empire, great and glorious,
Right loyal to the King, and unto Him
Who over every throne holds sway victorious,
Wrapt in a light with stress of brightness dim,
Whom all the holy angels
Adore with glad evangels,
And high in heaven the quiring cherub sings,—
Eternal Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

SONG No. 79

By MISS ANNA HOWARTH
Boxmoor
Kleinpoort
Cape Colony

"THE CHILD OF THE NORTH"

Long years ago, in the mists of the North, and the fogs that enveloped the sea,
The great World-Mother a child brought forth, first seed of a strong race to be.
His slumbers were cradled in tempest and storm, wild winds sang his lullaby,
And over him hovered in childhood the form of his resting glorious and high.

Many sons have I borne, quoth the Mother of men; many sons, who were strong, bold, and free;
And proud was my heart of my brave children then, when they conquered wide kingdoms for me.
They laboured, they wandered as strangers in lands which they knew not, and made them their own;
They planted the earth with the work of their hands,—Ah, where are my brave children gone?

They garnered the wealth of the world, and they trod on the necks of the captives they bound;
But when they grew mighty, they thought not on God—now, where shall their greatness be found?
They sinned, and they sickened, through sloth they grew weak, they bartered their honour away;
Egyptian and Persian, strong Roman and Greek,—where, where are those high names to-day?

But this child of the North, from his far island home in the midst of the stormy sea,
To the uttermost ends of the earth he shall roam, and shall conquer more kingdoms for me;
More greatly shall dare, and more nobly shall do, than the nations that lived and died;
For beyond the last verge of the lands that they knew, he shall carry the flag of his pride.

He shall build on the ruins of Empires decayed, he shall take of
their best for his store,
He shall wear all the might in which they were arrayed, to their
wealth he shall gather yet more;
More alien races shall kneel at his stool, who his yoke shall more
willingly bear;
For where he shall enter as king, he shall rule by mercy, and not by
fear.

But oh! when the cup of his blessing o'erflows, and the sun of his
glory is high,—
When his power and his wealth have made friends of his foes, and
his flags on their citadels fly;—
Say, then, will he fall, as those old nations fell; will he sully, as they
did, his name?
His honour for ease, as they sold, will he sell; will he perish, as they
did, in shame?

Nay, so it shall not be; for when at the height of dominion, pros-
perity, power,
Disappointment and sorrow shall stand on his right, and shall darken
his happiest hour,
He shall never be safe, nor at ease: he shall toil in the burden and
heat of the day,
As long as his children increase on the soil, and as long as his
sceptre holds sway.

Black envy and hatred shall gnaw at the root of his empire, and
falsehood shall reign;
But aye he shall tread them again under foot, and come forth from
the furnace of pain;
In danger his safety shall lie; from defeat he shall gather the
honours of strife;
For wherever his sons with his enemies meet, they shall willingly
die for his life.

SONG No. 196

By TOM REDCAM
c/o "Jamaica Times"
Kingston
Jamaica
British West India

OUR DEAD IN SOUTH AFRICA

"The men are splendid."—Buller.

Dead of our best and bravest, they sleep by Modder's stream,
Where by shell-scarred Colenso Tugela's waters gleam;
On Belmont's crimsoned sloping, on Graspan's rugged height,
Where Stormberg's towering mountains rolled echoing to the fight.

Death-smitten, where the charges onsweeping fiercely poured,
They fell, where tangled combats sank sundered of the sword,
Where over 'leagured townships our Britain's banners flew,
Where to the lonely outpost the deadly bullet drew.

Tho' never lordly trophy shall tell his humble name,
Tho' ne'er recorded story his valour shall proclaim,
Think not, unseen, unheeded, amid the battle's Hell,
By God, who gave his courage, the valiant soldier fell.

Deem not, for us, their brothers, in vain the heroes died,
Who precious unto mem'ry, all nameless must abide;
Brave, Death, thy shadow under, and still to Duty true,
Firm, loyal, patient, pressing the march and battle through;
From the still graves that cluster on lonely Veldt and Plain
Their spirits call us onward to vict'ries over Pain.

Again the mighty thunders of waking war shall roar,
Again contending nations to deadly conflict pour;
Far glooms a world-wide heaven, and moaning breezes sweep,
And a wild wail is beating thro' the resurgent deep;
And up from dim horizons, vast, formless, rushing far,
And lightning jagged, there riseth a Hurricane of War.

God, over all men watching, Lord of the earth-wide Sea,
To Thee the Blood belongeth, the trusty Hand to Thee.
From Thee our Race possessing the Heart that will not quail,
The Faith that doth not falter, the nerve that shall not fail,

To Thee, alone, Redeemer, our humbled souls shall bow,
In wrath who knoweth mercy, our only Saviour, Thou.

Draws on the Day of Battle, of tumult and affright;
When, 'neath the vaulted heaven, roars Armageddon's fight,
When through the spreading darkness strikes interlacing flame,
And peals of mingling thunder the meeting fight proclaim;
Fit day of billowing tumult—fit day of splendrous gloom,
Fierce resurrection glories about a rending tomb.

Rise, then, brave hearts, be with us on that dread Day of Storm,
When round the Flags they honour for war the Peoples form.
When Hate's dense gathered millions, dark rolling, round us close,
And treach'rous friends forsake us as loud the Trumpet blows,
God be our Aid, and knowledge that through the fiery blast
Before us, faithful, valiant, unstained, our brothers passed.

Oh, nameless band of Heroes, though not in proud detail,
Doth Fame proclaim your story, your honour shall not fail.
Well for the Flag you followed your valiant blood was shed,
Undying lives the glory that crowns the nameless dead.

SONG No. 78

By E. E. LONG
c/o A. B. Leicester
Government Dispensary
Buhit Timah-rd
Singapore

"SONS OF THE EMPIRE"

Aye, 'tis a glorious birthright,
Won from a glorious past.
Ours be the right to keep it,
Ever that right shall last!

Sprung from a sturdy Mother, in a storm-girt, forest isle,
Nurtured by wildest Nature, guarded by rocky pile,
Stood forth the first young Briton, conscious of inborn might,
Eager to test his courage, eager to fight a fight.

Met and fought with the stripling, Roman, Saxon, and Dane;
Cunning these older nations, 'gainst them his effort vain.
But from the blood commingled of warriors stern and true,
Fraught with a strength unmeasured the Briton rose anew.

Prospered the infant nation, learning as learns the child,
Wisdom, truth, and endurance, curbing her passions wild.
Then o'er the storm-tossed Channel, William the Norman came,
With army of mail-clad Norsemen, ready to strike for fame.

Once more the bloody conflict, wasting the land with fire,
But phœnix-like from the ashes rises the British sire.
With stealth and craft of the Roman, dash of the Saxon band,
Restless spirit of Viking, and Norman pride of land—
And a fierce, strong love of his fathers, he bares his brown right hand

To strike for Truth and Freedom, Honour so dear to gain,
To battle stern oppression, to win a lasting fame;
To guard the land of Britain, uphold her Crown and Laws,
To prove 'fore all the nations the Justice of her cause.

Nobly that cause has prospered, widely its virtues spread;
Countless the heroes fallen and the hosts those heroes led;
Forth from the Island Kingdom, over the distant seas,
For the love of the land that bore them, what of such men as these?

They were the Empire's fathers, who dared to do and die;
Who gave their all for Country, nor asked the reason why;
Who, looking beyond their present to ages then unborn,
Perceiving a glorious future, hastened that radiant morn.
Say is that work unheeded, say were their labours vain?
Listen and learn our answer and ne'er forget its strain.

We are the Sons of the Empire, we are the children bold,
Sprung from the patriot giants who fought and bled of old;
Scattered in every corner, links in a mighty chain,
We have girdled the Earth for Britain and her power shall never wane.

Northwards in icy waters, by frozen Southern Pole,
East and West ye shall find us exacting Britain's toll;
Wealth of the pine-clad forests, wealth of the boundless deep,
Wealth of the cattle prairies, wealth of the mines we seek.

Scorched by Tropic sun-rays, in grips of ice and snow,
Chilled with deadly swamp mists, our progress is but slow;
But onwards, ever onwards, we strive for the Empire's might,
Cheered by the flag above us, symbol of Truth and Right.

When our Mother Queen lay dying, we prayed that her life be spared;
When we learned of the sad, sad tidings, our hearts with grief were bared.
We mourned for her long and deeply, as children for parent dear,
But the legacy she has left us shall serve our hearts to cheer.

We have sent of our sons to the battle, say did they not their share?
We have sent of our sons to the Crowning of our King and his Consort fair.
We welcomed with best and fairest our Sailor Prince and his Bride,
We showed them our lands and their beauties, we hailed them with shouts of pride.

Brothers across the water, ye in the "Old Homeland,"
List to your comrades o'erseas, work for our Empire grand;
Off with the old, false notions, seek to redeem the past,
Show that your hearts are with us, so shall our union last.

Waiting, watchful, expectant, each at his labour share,
Ready when ye shall call us, ready to do and dare;
We are the Sons of the Empire, we are the children bold,
Sprung from the patriot giants, who fought and bled of old.

Aye, 'tis a glorious birthright,
Won from a glorious past.
Ours be the right to keep it,
Ever that right shall last!

SONG No. 206

By HELEN T. CHURCHILL
Lockeport
Nova Scotia
Canada

SONG OF THE EMPIRE!

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!"

Turn back, old Time, the folded years
  Long hidden in thy lengthy scroll!
  Thine ancient parchment now unroll,
Tho' stained with blood and blurred with tears
We yet can read (and while we read
  The quick'ning pulse keeps rhythm true).
  The lines that brighten to our view,
And tell of lineage and of deed.
Here, scrawled in letters bold and rude,
  We read of that far lonely isle
  Girded by cliffs, wave-washed the while
The Druid raised his altar crude,
And Briton's ancient Queen held sway
  Till conqu'ring Rome, with greed and guile,
  Grasped at the white-bound fertile isle,
And held it thro' her little day.
And yet we scan, with eager eyes
  The blurred scroll—now, fierce and hot,
  Wild battles rage 'mid Pict and Scot,
And kingdoms fall and kingdoms rise—
And all seems desolation drear;
  The lines are tangled in a maze;
  No more their meaning we can trace,
Nor purpose can we guess at here—
We read of raiders, fierce and strong,
  Bold Vikings from the Land of Pines!
  (The text is writ in blood-red lines,
But grand the measure of the song!)
And yet we cannot read between
  The lines, so dull are we, and slow
  To grasp the meaning, so below
The lofty purpose yet unseen,

The scroll unfolds—it tells us now
  Of Dane and Saxon; brighter beams
  The page; a golden radiance streams
From Royal Alfred's crown-pressed brow.
We hurry on—the lines are crossed;
  The Norman holds his princely rule,
  And times are changed—a higher school
Lifts up the Kingdom—naught is lost.
Saxon and Dane and Norman, soon
  Are intertwined in one great whole
  To shape the sturdy Briton soul
And bring the Kingdom to full noon—
The scroll is long—we may but glance
  A-down the curving page; yet here
  And here a name is written bold and clear;
These gleam not brighter thro' mere chance
But speak of heroes!—men who stood
  For right, when came the hour of need;
  They recked not warfare; this their meed,
The Kingdom's weal—the people's good!
Here's Richard of the Lion Heart,
  Who gave his life to chivalrie!
  Thro' all the page of History
That strain of romance bears its part—
And here is sturdy good Queen Bess!
  Whose pow'r of will shows fruit e'en now;
  Who governed well and wisely; bow
To her, for finest queenliness—
And so 'tis all a-down the scroll;
  Brighter and brighter gleam the lines
  Until the best of all entwines
In Her, whom we a Saint enroll,
Our Queen, Victoria the Blest!
  Our Queen forever, tho' she reigns
  In Higher Courts—in Heav'nly fanes,
We hold her always first and best!

. . . . . .

Thus far the scroll is written; see we yet
The purpose that lies thro' the centuries?
Yes! he who runs may read; the script is plain,
And plain the Guiding Hand that marked the way,
And thro' the ages, led this nation on
To do His Will—who chose them for His own,

His people! led thro' desert and thro' sea;
Yea! often through a sea of blood, that yet
Ne'er overflowed nor washed their feet aside.
Thro' devious ways God led this people on,
And now they stand, the vanguard of His Force!
Oh, Nation! thus thrice blest, look warily
That still, unstained, you keep this honour yours.
Not little does it mean, nor bought with nought;
But giv'n for that which you hold dear! Glory
And high estate mean sacrifice; ah, yes!
And labour, watchfulness, and prayer! Look to't
That now you do God's work! Give liberty
To those enslaved, and, to the helpless, aid;
For there are those, who weakly born, do yet
But crawl, and need your hand to stay their feet.
From your abundance, give the hungry food;
Give light to those who grope in darken'd ways.
Remember e'er that you are lifted up,
And all the nations gaze at you from 'far!

. . . . . .

And Thou, O Kingly Ruler of our land!
Thou, who of this Great Nation, art the Head!
Our Gracious Lord! Our King! Who comes to us
Bearing the fruitage of a line of Kings!
Remember Thou, that in the Nation's march
Thou art the foremost! all keep step with Thee.
All follow where Thou leadst. Thrice great, O King,
Is this thine office—steward of the Most High—
Who leadst thy people in the path of right.
Step boldly forth, nor turn aside thy feet
Because the path is rough. Heavy the weight
Of armour grows, and oft the crown is press'd
Too tightly on thine aching brow; yet brave
And true, press on; and let thy people see
How firm thy step when mounting Duty's Hill.
Not long the march, tho' often forced, and thro'
A land where foes lie treacherous—bound to slay.
At length the summit will be reached, and thou
Canst bivouac and rest. And then, a crown
Far brighter and far lighter shall be thine!
God bless our King, and give Him Victory!

SONG No. 208

By RALF SHELDON WILLIAMS
Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada

A SONG OF EMPIRE

Empires have crumbled,
  Kingdoms decay;
What shall befall us—
  Lords of To-day?
Rome was of Yesterday:
  Great is her sorrow;
God in His keeping
  Hold our To-morrow!

Flung out from Chaos at Creation's dawn
A little island in a northern sea
Was shaped our cradle; rude and roughly hewn
From out the fragments of great continents,
What time the Maker laid aside His tools
And, looking downward, uttered, "It is good;"
Omniscient, seeing, so we well may think,
About its rugged confines, even then,
The dim forebodings, pale and nebulous,
Of things that would be; future greatnesses
Evolved, built up, carved out and finishéd
By puny hands, imbued with God-giv'n strength
To weld together, each on each, the germ
And essence of a life; cemented with
The blood of races, willingly outpoured
The common cause to aid, self-sacrificed.
E'en as the little insect, Science tells,
Uniting with his fellows, myriad-strong,
Climbs upward from the gloomy ocean depths,
Leaving behind him, surely, step by step,
The storied beauties of a palace fair
Which rears its crest above the envious sea
To dazzle with its terraced harmonies
The wond'ring eyes of weary mariners
Toiling the broad Pacific.

Dawned our day
Time in his fulness saw the lonely isle
The home of hardy and barbaric hordes,
Ill-tuned to greatness, save in birthright strength
Of savagery, and instinct, brutal yet,
To add, each man, some something to his stock
Of women, beasts, flint hatchets or blue wood,
So might he fill, in eyes of other men
A place pre-eminent.
Stood then the Race
Stalwart already in its Pagan Pride,
The worshipper of cruel, gloomy gods;
Scarce noticed by a scornful world without,
Save with chance rolling eye of avarice
Upon what poor and eke unwilling yield
Of wealth might rended be from the dim land.
For in those dark and elder days, no gleam
Of greatness filtered through the clogging murk;
E'en as some costly jewel, newly found,
Besmirched with clay, its fire choked with filth,
Waits dumbly for the patient ministry
Of skilful hands, that polish, cut, and pare,
Till facet unto facet answering
Calls out the flash and flame of that true fire
Which is the soul and spirit of the gem;
So did the land, uncouth and heathen yet,
Await the instruments of Heav'n inspired,
Harsh in the handling, fitting the harsh age,
Yet letting in the outer light of Christ,
Humanity, the Sciences and Art,
With many a blow and grievous lopping-off
Of roughnesses and growths of ignorance
That barred our answering light.
Phœnicia, Rome, the race which sagas sing—
Merged this already with the gentler Frank—
These the keen tools which soon by God's decree
Hewed into solid, compact unity
The land; one giving while the other took,
Scourging our confines, laying waste our fields,
Pruning the people of the parent stock,
The while they builded camps and citadels,
Sea fortresses, great walls and victors' roads,
Which still endure, when Greece and Rome are names;
And with the gentler arts and crafts of men

Taught us, as children, to convert to use
The gifts of Nature, fallow in ourselves
And in our soil; so did they impregnate
Us with themselves, by ties of blood, where sword
And spear had spared, that all the best and first
Of each was wedded in one single strength
To build our Empire.

. . . . . .

God's kindly hand the ruling sceptre ruled,
And down the dazzling vista of our kings
But few we know who kicked against the pricks,
Spurning recalcitrant the still, small voice,
And added nothing to the chronicle
Of deeds done knightly for their people's sake,
Nor aught of blazonry to Britain's name.
In lists of peace or war the needful hour
Brought forth the needed man, and in great jeopardies,
Hazards of foemen to the Nation's weal,
False counsels, enemies within the gate,
The human hand was strengthened by the force
Of God-given guidance to the Promised Race.
The falls from high achievement, few and far,
Served but with added virtue to infuse
The giant-nurtured spirit of the strong.

To-day the zenith of our puissant fate
Seems here; but height responds to call of height,
And high ambition's aim is ever held
More than a strong man's reach beyond the grasp.
So may Great Britain, Lord of Isles and Seas,
Vast continents, proud feudal realms and powers,
Go forward in the light of God's good grace;
And led by kings, crowned with the Right Divine,
Men by men chosen, raised above their peers
For things of excellence and 'scutcheons clean,
Prove her high calling and respond in tones
That echoing down the centuries shall speak
Of futures infinite, fulfilment fair
Of promise of the Past.

SONG No. 98

By T. R. E. McINNES
P.O. Box 128
Vancouver
British Columbia
Canada

ON BEACON HILL

(Being the closing stanzas only)

IX

O sure it is no small thing to be said
That under us the East and West have met!
That our red British route is perfected
Around the World, and our red flag doth yet
High vantage o'er its strenuous rivals get!
Whether it wave from Windsor's kingly pile,
Or on the farthest verge of Empire set
'Bove fearless towns, whose heart-strings all the while
Thrill to every chord from their old Mother-Isle.

X

We feel the centre now where'er we stand,
And touch community in everything,
Since Science, with her patient, subtle hand,
Hath snar'd the globe as in a witch's ring,
And set all elements a-quivering
To our desire. What marvels more she'll show—
What new delights from Nature conjuring—
Small wit have I to guess, but this I know,
That more and more the scatter'd World as one must grow.

XI

Then closer blend for empire—that is power;
No thing of worth e'er came of feebleness,
And union is the genius of the hour.
The virtues that by master craft and stress
Wrought hugely on primæval palaces,
And 'stonish'd Egypt and great Babylon
With monuments of admirable excess,
Seen once again from out Oblivion drawn
To lighten o'er the Earth in unexampled dawn.

XII

We front the threshold of a giant age,
Foremost still, but others follow fast;
We may not trust o'ermuch the written page,
Nor measure with the measures of the past:
For all our millions and our regions vast,
And arm'd array in boastful numbers told,
To keep the treasures that our sires amass'd
Hath need of statesmen lion-like to hold,
And still forestall the changing times alert and bold.

XIII

The impulse of a thousand centuries
Strikes upward now in our united race,
Not for a Roman triumph, but to ease
The intercourse of nations, and to place
The social fabric on a happier base;
The very enginry of war abhorr'd
So soon as may is bended to erase
The stain and bloody ravage of the sword:
The vanquish'd now are all to equal right restor'd.

XIV

But cry contempt upon that sickly creed
That would not fire a shot to save its own,—
Whose piety perverse doth only feed
The hope of leaner nations bolder grown
To tread the path that we have hewn alone.
'Twas not for them we found that path so hard—
'Twas not for them the Earth so thick was sown
With British dead! Nay rather let us guard
The barest rock that flies our flag at all hazard!

XV

And e'en for sake of rich and plenteous peace
Let mastery in arms be honour'd still!
So only shall the fear of foemen cease.
For this is naked truth, say what they will,
That when a people lose the power to kill
They count for naught among the sons of men;—
Nor tongue nor pen nor art nor workmen's skill
Can save their homes from alien ravish then,
Or lift their fallen capitols to place again.

XVI

Then give us rifles—rifles everywhere!
Ready rifles tipt with bayonets!
And men of iron to lead who little care
For parlour tactics or for social sets!
Strong captains worthy of their epaulets,
Not rich men's sons to make a scarlet show,
Lace-loving fops and wooden martinets,
But clear-eyed stalwarts o'er the ranks who know
How best to train a naval gun or trap a foe.

XX

I never saw Britannia carv'd in stone,
Or figur'd out in bronze, but loyally
I've thought what merit shall be all her own
In that great brotherhood that's yet to be,—
The Diamond Empire of futurity,
Whose equal citizens, all thron'd elate,
And treading each a sovran destiny,
Shall count it still their pride and best estate
To happily for commonwealth co-operate.

XXI

Who'd be the bard of that triumphant time?
Who hath the pen of promise and the skill
To tell its periods in exultant rhyme?
For I be but a dreamer on a hill,
And prone withal fantastic hours to fill
With fancies running wild of thought, or gloat
Eerie on the rising Moon until
Betimes I hear her dim, harmonic note,—
Boding of forbidden things and themes remote.

The Publishers hope to publish yet other of these Songs in later numbers of Good Words